



# WORDSWORTH

## THE WHITE DOE OF RYLTSTONE

OR

## THE FATE OF THE NORTONS

EDITED

*WITH INTRODUCTION, SELECTED CRITICISMS, AND NOTES*

BY

M T QUINN, M A, LOND

*University Exhibitioner, University Scholar,  
Professor of English and Philology, Pachayappa's College, Madras.*

V. KALYANARAM IYER.

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## WORDSWORTH'S RANK AS A POET

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WORDSWORTH is now regarded by many thoughtful men as the greatest English poet since Milton. He did more perhaps than any other writer of his day, to promote the great revival of English poetry which marked the opening of this century. His sweet pure life, his elevated thought, his wide human sympathy, his intense love of nature, the bright rays of truth and beauty which he sheds upon the lowliest themes, the new uses to which he turned poetry, his lofty conception of his duty as a poet and his fidelity to that conception, the high inspired words in which prophet-like he teaches sublime truths, all combine to give Wordsworth a stamp which is wholly his own, and to differentiate him from all other poets of every age and tongue. Hence we can understand the hero-worshipping hyperbole of De Quincey, that the very image of Wordsworth, as he prefigured it to his own planet-struck eye, crushed his faculties as before Elijah or St. Paul; and hence we may well say of Wordsworth, what he himself has said of Milton, that :

“ His soul was like a star and dwelt apart ”

It is probable that posterity, to whom the final verdict belongs, will ratify the calm judicial decision of a very competent critic, the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, that there are only five poets of Christendom, and only two poets of England, whose claim to rank as the superiors or equals of Wordsworth should be admitted. In curious contrast with this high, though, on the whole, only justly appreciative judgment, stands the opinion of Mr. Carlyle. He knew Wordsworth though not intimately, and in a posthumous work published in 1887, says — “ To my private self Wordsworth's divine reflections and unfathomabilities seemed stunted, scanty, palish and uncertain, and I reckoned his Poetic Storehouse to be far from an ' opulent or well-furnished apartment.' ” One cannot read, without a smile, what the Poet thought of the Philosopher. In Lady Richardson's *Reminiscences of Wordsworth*, under October 1846, we come across the following noteworthy passage. “ He (Wordsworth) entered his protest as usual against Carlyle's

style, and said that since Johnson, no writer had done so much to vitiate the English language." No doubt literary jealousy warped, to a certain extent, the judgments of these two great men about each other. But, in any case, we should be very cautious about being dogmatic in assigning his proper rank to a poet who has been amongst us within the last forty years, when we have before us a more remarkable instance of the uncertainty of literary fame in the tardy recognition of Milton's poetic genius. For the *Paradise Lost* was sold for a mere trifle, had a cold reception on its publication in 1667, and a slow sale during the reigns of Charles and James, and did not meet with a kindly reception till after the Revolution. And even more than a century after the poet's death Dr. Johnson, a critic of very high rank, accompanies a reluctant eulogy of the *Paradise Lost* with the insinuation that the work is dull. But Addison, by his criticisms of *The Paradise Lost* in *The Spectator* (1711—1712 A.D.) had done for Milton, what Coleridge, at a later time, in his *Biographia Literaria*, did for Wordsworth, and about the middle of the Eighteenth century, some thirty years before Dr. Johnson's criticism, the towering grandeur of the great Puritan Epic was fully and finally recognised not only in England, but all over Europe as being of the very highest order. As Landor says, "Centuries are the telescopes which must be drawn out, before we can determine the magnitude or relative position of those great luminaries which shine upon us from the intellectual firmament."

When Wordsworth appeared before the public as an author in 1792, his poems failed to make any impression, except on a few minds, such as that of Coleridge. Later on, the critics gave him a little patronising praise and admitted that many of the poems had a genial simplicity and a graceful pastoral vein, while occasionally they condescended to allow that the descriptions of scenery were good, and the moral tone unexceptionable.

But the tide of criticism had, in the main, set in dead against the new poet, and when we look back, we find it hard to account for the virulent hostility of the critics to Wordsworth. It was owing, in a large measure, no doubt, to the fact that he was the chief exponent of the reaction against the veneer of the poetic diction of Pope's school, and insisted that poetry depends on emotion and not on polish. In this reaction Burns, Cowper, and Crabbe had, perhaps unconsciously, led the way; but Wordsworth had for a long time to bear the burden of unpopularity created by it, in an age which regarded the other style as perfection and which at first classed his compositions with the *Song of Sennep* and *The Babes in the Wood*. Wordsworth had a heavy task before him. He had to create his own public, to

wean men away from whatever was superficial, to train up a new generation in his own views of poetry and help them "to see into the life of things" "Never forget," he writes to Lady Beaumont, what I believe was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; and must teach the art by which he is to be seen." In this great task, which only a bard of the highest genius could perform, he was completely successful. Throughout this trying time, he was calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion and the impartiality of a future generation.

But the great Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review* persisted in ridiculing the compositions of the new poet. To popularise this ridicule Jeffrey invented a nickname Coleridge, Lamb and Southey, as well as Wordsworth, happened to live in the district of the Cumberland Lakes, and the epithet of "The Lake School," which the great reviewer fixed upon them, passed current as an easy name of scorn. When *The Excursion* was published in 1814, Jeffrey was unusually severe in his review, and went so far as to boast complacently that he had crushed *The Excursion* "He crush *The Excursion*" cried Southey; "tell him he might as well hope to crush Skiddaw" Southey spoke the truth. Wordsworth and Jeffrey have now passed away, but Wordsworth lived to see his poetry appreciated and the scornful verdict of Jeffrey reversed by the English people, and long before his death he found himself almost universally recognised as at the head of the poetical literature of his country, and when his friend Southey, then Poet Laureate, died in 1843, Wordsworth, to crown his final triumph, was appointed to that high office, with which England delights to honour her purest and sweetest singer.

On the Genius and Passion of Wordsworth a few words will suffice. Wordsworth, says Mr. Aubrey De Vere, never goes out of his way to find some form of suffering unheard of before; but in his hands ordinary things become extraordinary, because he sees in them and teaches his readers to see, depths and heights not to be suspected. The affections he sings are those nobly-simple affections out of which Nature has built up human society, and which live in the light of duty.

Wordsworth's mode of dealing with Nature was special to himself. In some few instances he depicts separate and minute objects with vividness. More often, he presents, not, indeed, a landscape picture, but a fragment of one, as splendid as those

fragments of rainbow light, snatched up by driving mist, which never make us wish for the perfect arch. But, in the main, his method is wholly different. He paints the *scene*, and the soul of that scene.

PASSION means *profound and intense feeling, addressed, first to all that relates to the human ties, and next to remoter objects, whether above or around us, so far as they can be coloured by human imagination and emotion*

PASSION was at the root of poetry in Wordsworth's conception of it. His own definition of Poetry is.—"the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, it is the *impassioned expression which is in the face of all science*" Coleridge also, in his noble and pathetic lines addressed to Wordsworth, characterises *The Prelude*, his autobiographical poem, expressly as—

'A song divine of high and *passionate* thoughts  
To their own music chanted'

In all Wordsworth's high poetry there lives passion, and it is often stronger in its latent form than when most accumulated on the surface.

The Rev R P Graves, M.A., of Dublin, in his *Personal Reminiscences of Wordsworth*, relates that the poet, one day, speaking of Passion as an element of Poetry, referred to his own poems, and said that he thought there was a stronger fire of Passion, than was elsewhere to be found among them, in the lyrical burst near the conclusion of "*The Song at the Feast of the Brougham Castle*"

Armour rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls.  
"Quell the Scot," exclaims the Lance—  
"Bear me to the heart of France"  
Is the longing of the Shield

Wordsworth's range was large. Whether he descended into the depths of man's heart, or gazed around him upon the vast and ever-varying scenery of the external world, every change of which carried with it for him a separate physiognomic expression, or mounted to the heights of philosophic meditation, he moved through regions from which *passion* could never be absent. He regarded the poet as the prophet and *seer* of nature, and deemed it to be for man's advantage, that, as such, he should help men to discern a glory very near, and yet sealed to the many.

It is not by any means his least glory, in an age in which his brother bards were mostly, at least in their hot youth, the apostles of Licence or, of Freethought, that throughout his long and honorable career, no false note was ever heard from the serene and stormless lyre of Wordsworth. The Rydalian *Emblems* were worthily worn by one whose mind was of ethereal

temper, and upon whose robe there was no taint. Tennyson, his successor to the Poetic Bay, pays him the very highest tribute, when he speaks to his Sovereign of

‘This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base’

Every one who knows our highest poetical literature, knows “The Lost Leader” of Robert Browning. There have been many speculations, surmises, assertions and contradictions as to who “The Lost Leader” was. This controversy has been definitely settled by a letter from Mr Browning in which he writes—“I did in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerable personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter’s model, from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account. had I intended more, above all such boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about “handfuls of silver” and “bits of ribbon”. These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration an event to deplore.

Although then I dare not deny the original of my little poem I altogether refuse to have it considered as the ‘very effigies’ of such a moral and intellectual superiority”

Wordsworth is already a classic; and many of his verses, embodying as they do the philosophy as well as the sentiment of our every-day human experience, have a completeness and an impressiveness like that of texts, mottoes, or proverbs, the force of which is universally felt, and has already worked them into the texture, and substance of the language, to a far greater extent than has happened in the case of any other writer of the same age

Shelley has been called by his admirers the ‘Poet of Liberty.’ Keats the ‘Poet of Beauty,’ Scott the ‘Poet of Chivalry,’ Byron the ‘Poet of Impassioned Energy;’ and if we are asked what was Wordsworth’s special characteristic, though various answers might be given, perhaps the ‘Poet of Nature’ would be the truest epithet to apply to the most original poet of modern times

## INTRODUCTION

TO

### THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSSTONE.

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Wordsworth paid a visit, during the summer of 1807, to the beautiful country around Bolton Priory in Yorkshire. At the close of the same year he composed the poem of *The White Doe*, founded partly upon a tradition connected with that place, and partly on the Ballad in Percy's *Reliques*, entitled, "The Rising in the North." The tradition runs as follows:—"About this time (i.e., when the Rising in the North had subsided, A.D. 1569) a White Doe" say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Church-yard during divine service, after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."

Rylstone, mentioned in the tradition, is near Bolton in Yorkshire. It was the property and residence of the Nortons, who won distinction in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection. Wordsworth says that it was this fact which led him to connect with the above-mentioned tradition the principal circumstances of the fate of the Nortons, as recorded in the Ballad.

As "The Percy Reliques" are not easily accessible, I think it right to reproduce, below, *in extenso*, although it is somewhat long, the Ballad of "The Rising in the North," for the convenience of candidates who are preparing for their Degree, and of all who are interested in the Poem of "*The White Doe*." They will then be able to see at a glance the whole of the groundwork on which that poem has been built.

Although "*The White Doe*" was composed in 1807, it was not published till 1815, the year after the publication of "*The Excursion*," and it was published then, as we find out from a letter of Wordsworth's sister that first appeared in Myer's *Wordsworth* (pp. 101—102), in the *English Men of Letters* Series, only because his friends hoped and believed that he could make some money by it; and he needed money at that time. Wordsworth was sure that the poem would not sell or be admired, at first, except by a few, and he was right in his belief. Jeffrey supplied *witlings* with epigrammatic quips by the fun he poked at *The Excursion* and "*The White Doe*" in his great organ, the *Edin-*

burgh Review *The Quarterly Review*, which was established as a Tory counterblast to the great Whig Organ of Edinburgh, welcomed the *Excursion* with approval, even though qualified. Whether it did so from mere opposition to Jeffrey, or from some gleam of genuine insight, it would be hard to say. This however was going too far. Wordsworth's day had not yet come, and on the appearance of *The White Doe of Rylstone* "Wordsworth stood at the bar of the Tory journal, arraigned and convicted of poetical heterodoxy, and literary suicide." But men who are removed from the stormy literary jealousies of those days can judge more calmly and dispassionately.

"The charm of language" says Aubrey De Vere, "greatly enhances the descriptive passages, so finely blended with human pathos, in the beginning and at the close of *The White Doe of Rylstone*. Such language is indeed a transparent diætion, which holds as in a crystal shrine, a subtle train of thought and feeling, that seems so intimately united with the peculiar words in which it is uttered as to be almost one with them." Wordsworth's friend, Coleridge the poet, in his *Biographia Literaria Chap. XXII, Vol. II*, p. 176 (London, 1817) says.—"I will add from the poet's last published work [*The White Doe of Rylstone*] a passage equally Wordsworthian; of the beauty of which, and of the imaginative power displayed therein, there can be but one opinion, and one feeling." Here he quotes in full the beautiful passage beginning

"Fast the church-yard fills,—anon," down to  
"As she passes underneath" See *Canto I*, ll. 31—90.

The Hon. Mr Justice Coleridge in his *Personal Reminiscences* (1836) relates some of Wordsworth's criticisms of his own works. "His conversation" says the learned Judge, "was on critical subjects arising out of his attempts to alter his poems. He said he considered 'The White Doe' as, in conception, the highest work he had ever produced. The mere physical action was all unsuccessful, but the true action of the poem was spiritual—the subduing of the will, and all inferior passions, to the perfect purifying and spiritualising of the intellectual nature; while the Doe, by connection with Emily, is raised as it were from its mere animal nature into something mysterious and saint-like. He said he should devote much labour to perfecting the execution of it in the mere business parts, in which from anxiety to get on with the more important parts, he was sensible that imperfections had crept in, which gave the style a feebleness of character."

In the notes on his own works, which were dictated by the poet to his friend Miss Isabella Fenwick, in 1843, we find the following interesting particulars as to the circumstances under which the *White Doe* was composed:—

"The earlier half of this poem was composed at Stockton-upon-Tees, when Mary [the poet's wife] and I were on a visit to her eldest brother, Mr. Hutchinson, *at the close of the year 1807* The country is flat, and the weather was rough. I was accustomed every day to walk to and fro under the shelter of a row of stacks, in a field at a small distance from the town, and there poured forth my verses aloud, as freely as they would come. Mary reminds me that her brother stood upon the punctilio of not sitting down to dinner till I joined the party; and it frequently happened that I did not make my appearance till too late

*When, from the visit just mentioned, we returned to Town-End, Grasmere, I proceeded with the poem* It may be worth while to note as a caution to others who may cast their eyes on these memoranda, that the skin having been rubbed off my heel by my wearing too tight a shoe, though I desisted from walking, I found that the irritation of the wounded part was kept up by the act of composition, to a degree that made it necessary to give my constitution a holiday A rapid cure was the consequence.

Poetic excitement, when accompanied by protracted labour in composition, has throughout my life brought on more or less bodily derangement. Nevertheless I am, at the close of my seventy-third year, in what may be called excellent health. So that intellectual labour is not, necessarily, unfavourable to longevity But perhaps I ought here to add, that mine has been generally carried on out of doors

Let me here say a few words of this Poem, by way of criticism. The subject being taken from feudal times has led to its being compared to some of Walter Scott's poems that belong to the same age and state of society. The comparison is inconsiderate Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point on which the mind might rest as a termination or catastrophe The course I attempted to pursue is entirely different Everything that is attempted by the principal personages in the '*White Doe*' fails, so far as its object is external and substantial. so far as it is moral and spiritual, it succeeds The heroine of the poem knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them, but—

' To abide  
The shock, and finally secure  
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure '

This she does in obedience to her brother's injunction, as most suitable to a mind and character that, under previous trials, had

been proved to accord with his. She achieves this, not without aid from the communication with the inferior creature, which often leads her thoughts to revolve upon the past with a tender and humanising influence that exalts rather than depresses her. The anticipated beatification, if I may so say, of her mind, and the apotheosis of the companion of her solitude, are the points at which the poem aims, and constitute its legitimate catastrophe, far too spiritual a one for instant or widely-spread sympathy, but not therefore the less fitted to make a deep and permanent impression upon that class of minds who think, and feel more independently than the many do, of the surfaces of things, and interests transitory because belonging more to the outward and social forms of life than to its internal spirit.

How insignificant a thing, for example, does personal prowess appear, compared with the fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom; in other words, with struggles for the sake of principle, in preference to victory gloried in for its own sake!"

To these remarks may be added the following, in a letter from the Poet to his friend Archdeacon Wrangham —

"Of 'The White Doe' I have little to say, but that I hope it will be acceptable to the intelligent, for whom alone it is written. It starts from a high point of imagination, and comes round, through various wanderings of that faculty, to a still higher—nothing less than the apotheosis of the animal which gives the first of the two titles to the poem. And as the poem thus begins and ends with pure and lofty imagination, every motive and impetus that actuates the persons introduced is from the same source; a kindred spirit pervades, and is intended to harmonise the whole. Throughout, objects (the banner, for instance) derive their influence, not from properties inherent in them, not from what they are actually in themselves, but from such as are bestowed upon them by the minds of those who are conversant with or affected by those objects. Thus the poetry, if there be any in the work, proceeds, as it ought to do, from the *soul of man* communicating its creative energies to the images of the external world."

When the poem had been roughly handled by the critic in the *Quarterly Review*, Wordsworth writing in 1816 to his friend Southey, who was connected with the *Quarterly*, says —

"Do you know who reviewed 'The White Doe,' in the *Quarterly*? After having asserted that Mr W uses his words without any regard to their sense, the writer says, that on no other principle can he explain that Emily is *always* called 'the consecrated Emily.' Now, the name Emily occurs just fifteen times in the poem, and out of these fifteen, the epithet is attached to it *once*, and that for the express purpose of recalling the scene in which

she had been consecrated by her brother's solemn adjuration, that she would fulfil her destiny, and become a soul,"

'By force of sorrows high  
Uplifted to the purest sky,  
Of undisturbed mortality'

The point upon which the whole moral interest of the piece hinges, when that speech is closed, occurs in this line,

'He kissed the consecrated maid,'

and to bring back this to the reader, I repeated the epithet "

A few words may be expected about the *Time*, *Place*, and *Action* of the Poem

The *Time* is the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The events of the first Canto are described as taking place in 1589 A.D., (See note on l. 17, p. 53), and on pp. 41-42 in the last two paragraphs of Canto VII, we are brought back to that period, but the main incidents with which the introduction and conclusion are interwoven, occur in 1569, twenty years previously, in connection with the Rebellion of the two Earls in the North of England.

As regards *Place*, all the events in the poem are confined to the two counties of Yorkshire and Durham

\* The *Action* has three main threads—the story of the Doe, the story of the Northern Rebellion, and the story of the Norton family—whence the second title of the poem, *The Fate of the Nortons*.

These three threads are so interwoven as to lead up to the catastrophe of the Poem, which is the apotheosis of the White Doe, and the final triumph won over grief and pain by the Lady Emily.

The "The White Doe of Rylstone" is written in the *Romantic* style. In early life, Wordsworth coquetted with the *Romantic* Muse, as in *The Armenian Lady's Love*, written partly in imitation of *The Spanish Lady's Love*, a ballad in Percy's Reliques; and in *The Prioress's Tale*, after Chaucer; but "The White Doe of Rylstone" is the one great master-piece of his genius in the field of *Romantic Poetry*. By a *Romantic* poem is meant one in which heroic subjects are epically treated, after the manner of the old romances of chivalry, yet in which neither the subject nor the form, rises to the true dignity of the *Epic*. Such poems are essentially the fruit of modern ideas, and modern times. Between the period of the Renaissance, when the production of metrical romances ceased, and the close of the 18th century, the taste of European society preferred both in Art and Literature, works modelled upon the masterpieces of Greek and Roman genius, and recoiled with an aversion that was more or less sincere, from all that

was Gothic or Mediæval. In such a period, if a Romantic poem had appeared it would have been crushed by general ridicule, or smothered under general neglect. But towards the close of the 18th century, a reaction set in and the modern Romantic Poem is one among many of its fruits.

Other examples of this class of poems are "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," The "Bride of Abydos," and "Lalla Rookh."

Emily, the heroine of the Poem, is a pure creation of the poet's fancy. She is not mentioned in the Ballad, nor in the tradition about the Doe, which is given at the beginning of this Introduction; and Wordsworth himself says—"The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's collection, entitled "The Rising in the North."

It is very likely that Wordsworth caught from Spenser's Una and "the milke white lambe" that "in a line she lad (= led)" the outlines of the picture which he has filled up with Emily and the White Doe, and this view is strongly confirmed by a perusal of the Dedication (p. 49.).

The facts of history have been followed through the poem only so far as they served the poet's purpose, and to suit his requirements they have been in a few cases violently perverted, as at the end of Canto IV, and in the execution scene in Canto V. In every case the historical facts will be found in the notes on such passages, and a brief connected view of these facts is presented in the note on *Sir George Bowes* (p. 89).

Pictures from the pencil of Wordsworth's intimate friend Sir G. H. Beaumont, illustrated the titles of two of the Poet's works. One was a picture of "The Thorn," the other of "The White Doe of Rylstone."

M. T. Q

MADRAS, January 1889.

THE BALLAD  
OF  
"THE RISING IN THE NORTH."

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the twelfth year of Elizabeth, 1569, headed by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, for the purpose of re-establishing the Catholic religion which was then being persecuted by Elizabeth, and of liberating Mary, Queen of Scots.

The ballad, which was the work of some contemporary Northern Minstrel who was well affected to the two noblemen, runs as follows —

Listen, lively lordings all,  
\* Lithe and listen unto mee,  
And I will sing of a noble earle,  
The noblest earle in the north countrie,  
  
Earle Percy is into his garden gone,  
And after him walkes his faire ladie,  
I heare a bird sing in mine eare,  
That I must either fight, or flee  
  
Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,  
That ever such harm should  $\dagger$  hap to thee  
But goe to London to the court,  
 $\ddagger$  And faire fall truth and honestie.  
  
Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee,  
Mine enemies prevail so fast,  
That at the court I may not bee,  
  
5 Oh goe to the court yet, good my lord,  
And take thy men with thee  
If any dare to doe you wrong,  
Then your warrant they may bee  
  
Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,  
The court is full of subtltie;  
And if I goe to the court, lady,  
Never more I may thee see.  
  
Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,  
And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee:  
At court then for my dearest lord,  
His faithfull & borrowe I will bee.

\* Attend    † Happen.    ‡ May truth and honesty meet with fair play.  
§ Pledge.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare,  
 For \* lever had I lose my life,  
 Than leave among my cruell foes  
 My love in jeopardy and strife  
 But come thou hither, my little foot-page,  
 Come thou hither unto mee,  
 To maister Norton thou must goe,  
 In all the haste that ever may bee.

10 Commend me to that gentleman,  
 And beare this letter here fro mee ;  
 And say that earnestly I praye  
 He will ryde in my companie.  
 One while the little foot-page went,  
 And another while he ran,  
 Until he came to his journey's end,  
 The little foot-page never † blan.  
 When to that gentleman he came,  
 Down he kneeled on his knee ,  
 And took the letter betwixt his hands,  
 And let the gentleman it see  
 And when the letter it was ‡ redd  
 § Affore that goodlye companye,  
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,  
 There was many a weeping eye.  
 He sayd, Come thither , Christopher Norton,  
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee ,  
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,  
 Now that good erle's in jeopardy

15 Father, my counselle's fair and free ;  
 That erle he is a noble lord,  
 And whatsoever to him you || hight,  
 I wold not have you breake your word.  
 ¶ Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,  
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,  
 And if we speed and scape with life,  
 Well advanced thou shalt bee  
 Come you thither, my nine good sonnes,  
 Gallant men I \*\* trowe you be .  
 How many of you, my children deare,  
 Will stand by that good erle and mee ?  
 Eight of them did answer make,  
 Eight of them spake hastilie,

\* Liefer=dearer, sooner      † Lingered, stopped.      ‡ Read.  
 § Before.      || Promised.      ¶ Many thanks.      \*\* Know.

Oh father, till the daye we dye,  
We'll stand by that good erle and thee.  
Gramercy now, my children deare,  
You shewe yourselves right bold and brave  
And whethersoe'er I live or dye,  
A father's blessing you shall have.

20 But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,  
Thou art my eldest sonn and heire  
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast ,  
Whatever it bee, to mee declare  
Father, you are an aged man,  
Your head is white, your bearde is gray ,  
It were a shame at these your yares  
For you to \* ryse in such a fray.  
Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,  
Thou never learnedest this of mee ,  
When thou wert yong and tender of age,  
Why did I make soe much of thee ?  
But, father, I will wend with you,  
Unarm'd and naked will I bee ;  
And he that strikes against the crowne,  
Ever an ill death may he dee.  
Then rose that reverend gentleman,  
And with him came a goodlye band  
To join with the brave Erle Percy,  
And all the flower o' Northumberland

25 With them the noble Nevill came,  
The erle of Westmorland was hee .  
At wetherbythey † mustred their host,  
Thirteen thousand faire to see  
Lord Westmorland his † ancyent raiſde,  
The Dun Bull he rays'd on § hye,  
And three Dogs with golden collars,  
Were there sett out most royallye.  
Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,  
The Half-Moone shining all soe faire ;  
The Nortons ancient had the crosse,  
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.  
Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,  
Aftem them some spoyle to make ,  
Those noble erles turn'd backe againe,  
And aye they vowed that Knight to take.

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\* Ruse.      † Mustered.      † Standard.      § high.

That baron he to his castle fled,  
 To Barnard castle then fled hee,  
 The uttermost walles were \* eathe to win,  
 The earles have won them presentlie

30 The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ;  
 But thonghe they won them soon anone,  
 Long e'er they † wan the innermost walles,  
 For they were cut in rocke of stone  
 Then newes unto ‡ leeve London came  
 In all the speede that ever might bee,  
 And word is brought to our royll queene  
 Of the rysing in the North countrie.  
 Her grace she turned her round about,  
 And like a royll queene she swore, §  
 I will ordayne them such a breakfast,  
 As never was in the North before  
 Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd  
 With horse and harneis faire to see ,  
 She caused thirty thousand men be raised,  
 To take the earls i' th' North countrie  
 Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,  
 Th' erle Sussex and the lord Hunsden ,  
 Untill they to Yorke castle came,  
 I wiss, they never || stint ne blan.

35 Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,  
 Thy dun bulle faine would we spye .  
 And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,  
 Now rayse thy half-moone up on hye  
 But the dun bulle is fled and gone,  
 And the half-moone vanished away ;  
 The Erles, though they were brave and bold,  
 Against soe many could not stay  
 Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,  
 They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth ¶  
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,  
 Nor them their faire and blooming yowthe  
 Wi' them full many a gallant wight,  
 They cruellye bereav'd of life ,  
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,  
 And widowed many a tender wife

\* Easy      † Won      ‡ Dear

§ This is quite in character. Her Majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears

|| Stopped nor tarried.      ¶ Pity

THE  
WHITE DOE OF RYLTSTONE;  
OR  
THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.



# THE WHITE DOE OF RYLTSTONE;

## OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS

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### CANTO FIRST

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower  
The bells ring loud with gladsome power,  
The sun shines bright, the fields are gay  
With people in their best array  
5 Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,  
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,  
Through the Vale retired and lowly,  
Trooping to that summons holy  
And, up among the moorlands, see  
10 What sprinklings of blithe company !  
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,  
That down the steep hills force their way,  
Like cattle through the budded brooms,  
Path, or no path, what care they ?  
15 And thus in joyous mood they hie  
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there ?—Full fifty years  
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,  
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste  
20 The bitterness of wrong and waste  
Its courts are ravaged ; but the tower  
Is standing with a voice of power,  
That ancient voice which wont to call  
To Mass or some high festival ;  
25 And in the shattered fabric's heart  
Remaineth one protected part,  
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,  
Closely embowered and trimly drest,  
And thither young and old repair,  
30 This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills ;—anon  
Look again, and they all are gone,  
The cluster round the porch, and the folk  
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak !  
35 And scarcely have they disappeared  
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard —  
With one consent the people rejoice,  
Filling the church with a lofty voice !  
They sing a service which they feel  
40 For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal,

Of a pure faith the vernal prime—  
In great Eliza's golden time

A moment ends the fervent din,

And all is hushed, without and within ;

45 For though the priest, more tranquilly,  
Recites the holy liturgy,

The only voice which you can hear  
Is the river murmuring near.

—When soft!—the dusky trees between,

50 And down the path through the open green,  
Where is no living thing to be seen ,  
And through yon gateway, where is found,  
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,  
Free entrance to the church-yard ground—

55 Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,  
Comes gliding in serene and slow,  
Soft and silent as a dream,  
A solitary Doe !

White she is as lily of June,  
60 And beauteous as the silver moon  
When out of sight the clouds are driven  
And she is left alone in heaven ,  
Or like a ship some gentle day  
In sunshine sailing far away,  
65 A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !  
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed !

Ye living, tend your holy cares ,

70 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers ,  
And blame not me if my heart and sight  
Are occupied with one delight !  
"Tis a work for Sabbath hours  
If I with this bright Creature go  
75 Whether she be of forest bowers,  
From the bowers of earth below ,  
Or a Spirit for one day given,  
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes

80 Wait upon her as she ranges  
Round and through this Pile of state  
Overthrown and desolate !  
Now a step or two her way  
Leads through space of open day,  
85 Where the enamoured sunny light  
Brightens her that was so bright ;

Now doth a delicate shadow fall,  
 Falls upon her like a breath,  
 From some lofty arch or wall,

90 *As she passes underneath* ·  
 Now some gloomy nook partakes  
 Of the glory that she makes,—  
 High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,  
 With perfect cunning framed as well

95 Of stone, and ivy, and the spread  
 Of the elder's bushy head ;  
 Some jealous and forbidding cell,  
 That doth the living stars repel,  
 And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

100 The presence of this wandering Doe  
 Fills many a damp obscure recess  
 With lustre of a saintly show ,  
 And, reappearing, she no less  
 Sheds on the flowers that round her blow

105 A more than sunny liveliness  
 But say, among these holy places,  
 Which thus assiduously she paces,  
 Comes she with a votary's task,  
 Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?

110 Fair Pilgrim ! harbours she a sense  
 Of sorrow, or of reverence ?  
 Can she be grieved for choir or shrine,  
 Crushed as if by wrath divine ?  
 For what survives of house where God

115 Was worshipped, or where Man abode ;  
 For old magnificence undone ,  
 Or for the gentler work begun  
 By Nature, softening and concealing,  
 And busy with a hand of healing ?

120 Mourns she for lordly chamber's health  
 That to the sapling ash gives birth ;  
 For dormitory's length laid bare  
 Where the wild rose blossoms fair ,  
 Or altar, whence the cross was rent,

125 Now rich with mossy ornament ?  
 —She sees a warrior carved in stone,  
 Among the thick weeds, stretched alone ,  
 A warrior, with his shield of pride  
 Cleaving humbly to his side,

130 And hands in resignation prest,  
 Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast ,  
 As little she regards the sight  
 A *common creature* might :

If she be doomed to inward care,  
 135 Or service, it must lie elsewhere  
 —But hers are eyes serenely bright,  
 And on she moves—with pace how light !  
 Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste  
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ,  
 140 And thus she fares, until at last  
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave  
 In quietness she lays her down ,  
 Gently as a weary wave  
 Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,  
 145 Against an anchored vessel's side ;  
 Even so, without distress, doth she  
 Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,  
 To a lingering motion bound,  
 150 Like the crystal stream now flowing  
 With its softest summer sound .  
 So the balmy minutes pass,  
 While this radiant Creature lies  
 Couched upon the dewy grass,  
 155 Pensively with downcast eyes  
 —But now again the people raise  
 With awful cheer a voice of praise ,  
 It is the last, the parting song ,  
 And from the temple forth they throng ,  
 160 And quickly spread themselves abroad ,  
 While each pursues his several road  
 But some—a variegated band  
 Of middle-aged, and old, and young ,  
 And little children by the hand  
 165 Upon their leading mothers hung—  
 With mute obeisance gladly paid  
 Turn towards the spot, where, full in view ,  
 The white Doe to her service true ,  
 Her Sabbath couch has made .

170 It was a solitary mound ,  
 Which two spears' length of level ground  
 Did from all other graves divide  
 As if in some respect of pride ,  
 Or melancholy's sickly mood ,  
 175 Still shy of human neighbourhood ,  
 Or guilt, that humbly would express  
 A penitential loneliness .  
 “Look, there she is, my Child ! draw near ;  
 She fears not, wherefore should we fear ?  
 180 She means no harm ,”—but still the Boy ,

To whom the words were softly said,  
 Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,  
 A shamefaced blush of glowing red !  
 Again the Mother whispered low,  
 185 "Now you have seen the famous Doe,  
 From Rylstone she hath found her way  
 Over the hills this Sabbath-day ;  
 Her work, whate'er it be, is done,  
 And she will depart when we are gone,  
 190 Thus doth she keep, from year to year,  
 Her Sabbath morning, foul or fair"

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams  
 The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright,  
 But is she truly what she seems ?  
 195 He asks with insecure delight,  
 Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still  
 The doubt returns against his will  
 Though he, and all the standers-by,  
 Could tell a tragic history  
 200 Of facts divulged, wherein appear  
 Substantial motive, reason clear,  
 Why thus the milk-white Doe is found  
 Couchant beside that lonely mound ;  
 And why she duly loves to pace  
 205 The circuit of this hallowed place.  
 Nor to the Child's inquiring mind  
 Is such perplexity confined .  
 For, spite of sober Truth that sees  
 A world of fixed remembrances  
 210 Which to this mystery belong,  
 If, undeceived, my skill can trace  
 The characters of every face,  
 There lack not strange delusion here,  
 Conjecture vague, and idle fear,  
 215 And superstitious fancies strong.  
 Which do the gentle Creature wrong

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—  
 Who in his boyhood often fed  
 Full cheerily on convent-bread  
 220 And heard old tales by the convent-fire,  
 And to his grave will go with scars,  
 Relics of long and distant wars—  
 That Old Man, studious to expound  
 The spectacle, is mounting high  
 225 To days of dim antiquity ,  
 When Lady Aliza mourned

Her Son, and felt in her despair  
 The pang of unavailing prayer,  
 Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,

230 The noble Boy of Egremound.  
 From which affliction—when the grace  
 Of God had in her heart found place—  
 A pious structure, fair to see,  
 Rose up, this stately Priory !

235 The Lady's work,—but now laid low ;  
 To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,  
 In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe  
 Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to sustain  
 A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,

240 Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright ;  
 And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door ,  
 And, through the chink in the fractured floor  
 Look down, and see a grisly sight ,

245 A vault where the bodies are buried upright !  
 There, face by face, and hand by hand,  
 The Claphams and Mauleverers stand ,  
 And, in his place, among son and sire,  
 Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,

250 A valiant man, and a name of dread  
 In the ruthless wars of the White and Red ,  
 Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church  
 And smote off his head on the stones of the porch !  
 Look down among them, if you dare ,

255 Oft does the White Doe loiter there,  
 Prying into the darksome rent ,  
 Nor can it be with good intent :  
 So thinks that Dame of haughty air,  
 Who hath a Page her book to hold,

260 And wears a frontlet edged with gold.  
 Harsh thoughts with her high mood agroe—  
 Who counts among her ancestry  
 Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously !

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,

265 From Oxford come to his native vale,  
 He also hath his own conceit :  
 It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,  
 Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet  
 In his wanderings solitary .

270 Wild notes she in his hearing sang,  
 A song of Nature's hidden powers ,  
 That whistled like the wind, and rang

Among the rocks and holly bowers  
 'Twas said that She all shapes could wear ,  
 275 And oftentimes before him stood,  
 Amid the trees of some thick wood,  
 In semblance of a lady fair ,  
 And taught him signs, and showed him sights,  
 In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights ,  
 280 When under cloud of fear he lay,  
 A shepherd clad in homely grey ;  
 Nor left him at his later day.  
 And hence, when he, with spear and shield,  
 Rode full of years to Flodden-field,  
 285 His eye could see the hidden spring,  
 And how the current was to flow ,  
 The fatal end of Scotland's King,  
 And all that hopeless overthrow  
 But not in wars did he delight,  
 290 *This Clifford* wished for worthier might ,  
 Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state ;  
 Him his own thoughts did elevate,—  
 Most happy in the shy recess  
 Of Barden's lowly quietness  
 295 And choice of studious friends had he  
 Of Bolton's dear fraternity ,  
 Who, standing on this old church tower,  
 In many a calm propitious hour,  
 Perused, with him, the starry sky ;  
 300 Or, in their cells, with him did pry  
 For other lore,—by keen desire  
 Urged to close toil with chemic fire ;  
 In quest belike of transmutations  
 Rich as the mine's most bright creations  
 305 But they and their good works are fled,  
 And all is now disquieted—  
 And peace is none, for living or dead !

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,  
 But look again at the radiant Doe !  
 310 What quiet watch she seems to keep,  
 Alone, beside that grassy heap !  
 Why mention other thoughts unmeet  
 For vision so composed and sweet ?  
 While stand the people in a ring,  
 315 Gazing, doubting, questioning ;  
 Yea, many overcome in spite  
 Of recollections clear and bright ,  
 Which yet do unto some impart  
 An undisturbed repose of heart.

320 And all the assembly own a law  
 Of orderly respect and awe ,  
 But see—they vanish one by one ,  
 And last, the Doe herself is gone.

325 Harp ! we have been full long beguiled  
 By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild ,  
 To which, with no reluctant strings ,  
 Thou hast attuned thy murmurings ;  
 And now before this Pile we stand  
 In solitude, and utter peace

330 But, Harp ! thy murmurs may not cease—  
 A Spirit, with his angelic wings ,  
 In soft and breeze-like visitings ,  
 Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand  
 A voice is with us—a command

335 To chant, in strains of heavenly glory ,  
 A tale of tears, a mortal story !

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### CANTO SECOND.

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed ,  
 And first we sang of the green-wood shade  
 And a solitary Maid ;  
 Beginning, where the song must end ,  
 5 With her, and with her sylvan Friend ;  
 The Friend who stood before her sight ,  
 Her only unextinguished light ,  
 Her last companion in a dearth  
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth

10 For She it was—this Maid, who wrought  
 Meekly, with foreboding thought ,  
 In vermeil colours and in gold  
 An unblest work , which, standing by ,  
 Her Father did with joy behold, —

15 Exulting in its imagery ;  
 A Banner, fashioned to fulfil  
 Too perfectly his headstrong will .  
 For on this Banner had her hand  
 Embroidered (such her Sire's command )

20 The sacred Cross ; and figured there  
 The five dear wounds our Lord did bear ;  
 Full soon to be uplifted high ,  
 And float in rueful company !  
 It was the time when England's Queen

25 Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dread  
 Nor yet the restless crown had been

Disturbed upon her virgin head ,  
 But now the inly-working North  
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth ,  
 30 A potent vassalage , to fight  
 In Percy's and in Neville's right ,  
 Two Earls fast leagued in discontent ,  
 Who gave their wishes open vent ,  
 And boldly urged a general plea ,  
 35 The rites of ancient piety  
 To be triumphantly restored ,  
 By the stern justice of the sword !  
 And that same Banner , on whose breast  
 The blameless Lady had exprest  
 40 Memorials chosen to give life  
 And sunshine to a dangerous strife ;  
 That Banner , waiting for the Call ,  
 Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall

It came ; and Francis Norton said ,  
 45 " O Father ! rise not in this fray —  
 The hairs are white upon your head ,  
 Dear Father , hear me when I say  
 It is for you too late a day !  
 Bethink you of your own good name .  
 50 A just and gracious Queen have we ,  
 A pure religion , and the claim  
 Of peace on our humanity —  
 'Tis meet that I endure your scorn ;  
 I am your son , your eldest born ,  
 55 But not for lordship or for land ,  
 My Father , do I clasp your knees ;  
 The Banner touch not , stay your hand ,  
 This multitude of men disband ,  
 And live at home in blameless ease ;  
 60 For these my brethren's sake , for me ;  
 And , most of all , for Emily ! ”

Tumultuous noises filled the hall ;  
 And scarcely could the Father hear  
 That name — pronounced with a dying fall —  
 65 The name of his only Daughter dear ,  
 As on the banner which stood near  
 He glanced a look of holy pride ,  
 And his moist eyes were glorified ;  
 Then did he seize the staff , and say .  
 70 “ Thou , Richard , bear'st thy father's name ,  
 Keep thou this ensign till the day  
 When I of thee require the same :

Thy place be on my better hand ;—  
 And seven as true as thou, I see,  
 75 Will cleave to this good cause and me.”  
 He spake, and eight brave sons straightway  
 All followed him, a gallant band !

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came  
 The sight was hailed with loud acclaim  
 80 And din of arms and minstrelsy,  
 From all his warlike tenantry,  
 All horsed and harnessed with him to ride,—  
 A voice to which the hills replied !

But Francis, in the vacant hall,  
 85 Stood silent under dreary weight,—  
 A phantasm, in which roof and wall  
 Shook, tottered, swam before his sight,  
 A phantasm like a dream of night !  
 Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,  
 90 He found his way to a postern-gate,  
 And, when he waked, his languid eye  
 Was on the calm and silent sky ;  
 With air about him breathing sweet,  
 And earth’s green grass beneath his feet,  
 95 Nor did he fail ere long to hear  
 A sound of military cheer,  
 Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot,  
 He heard, and it disturbed him not

There stood he, leaning on a lance  
 100 Which he had grasped unknowingly,  
 Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,  
 That dimness of heart-agony ;  
 There stood he, cleansed from the despair  
 And sorrow of his fruitless prayer  
 105 The past he calmly hath reviewed :  
 But where will be the fortitude  
 Of this brave man, when he shall see  
 That Form beneath the spreading tree,  
 And know that it is Emily ?

110 He saw her where in open view  
 She sate beneath the spreading yew—  
 Her head upon her lap, concealing  
 In solitude her bitter feeling :  
 “ Might ever son *command* a sire,  
 115 The act were justified to-day ”  
 This to himself—and to the Maid,  
 Whom now he had approached, he said—

“Gone are they,—they have their desire;  
 And I with thee one hour will stay,  
 120 To give thee comfort if I may.”

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake,  
 And sorrow moved him to partake  
 Her silence, then his thoughts turned round,  
 And fervent words a passage found.

125 “Gone are they, bravely, though misled,  
 With a dear Father at their head!  
 The Sons obey a natural lord,  
 The Father had given solemn word  
 To noble Percy, and a force

130 Still stronger, bends him to his course  
 This said, our tears to-day may fall  
 As at an innocent funeral.  
 In deep and awful channel runs  
 This sympathy of Sire and Sons;

135 Untried our Brothers have been loved  
 With heart by simple nature moved,  
 And now their faithfulness is proved  
 For faithful we must call them, bearing  
 That soul of conscientious daring

140 —There were they all in circle—there  
 Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,  
 John with a sword that will not fail,  
 And Marmaduke in fearless mail,  
 And those bright Twins were side by side,

145 And there, by fresh hopes beautified,  
 Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power  
 Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!  
 I, by the right of eldest born,  
 And in a second father’s place,

150 Presumed to grapple with their scorn,  
 And meet their pity face to face,  
 Yea, trusting in God’s holy aid,  
 I to my Father knelt and prayed,  
 And one, the pensive Marmaduke,

155 Methought, was yielding inwardly,  
 And would have laid his purpose by,  
 But for a glance of his Father’s eye,  
 Which I myself could scarcely brook.

Then be we, each and all, forgiven!

160 Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,  
 Whose pangs are registered in heaven—  
 The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,  
 And smiles, that dared to take their place,

Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,  
 165 As that unhallowed Banner grew  
 Beneath a loving old Man's view  
 Thy part is done—thy painful part,  
 Be thou then satisfied in heart!  
 A further, though far easier, task  
 170 Than thine hath been, my duties ask,  
 With theirs my efforts cannot blend,  
 I cannot for such cause contend;  
 Their aims I utterly forswear,  
 But I in body will be there  
 175 Unarmed and naked will I go,  
 Be at their side, come weal or woe  
 On kind occasions I may wait,  
 See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.  
 Bare breast I take and an empty hand."—  
 180 Therewith he threw away the lance,  
 Which he had grasped in that strong trance,  
 Spurned it, like something that would stand  
 Between him and the pure intent  
 Of love on which his soul was bent.

185 "For thee, for thee, is left the sense  
 Of trial past without offence  
 To God or man, such innocence,  
 Such consolation, and the excess  
 Of an unmerited distress,  
 190 In that thy very strength must lie.  
 —O Sister, I could prophesy!  
 The time is come that rings the knell  
 Of all we loved, and loved so well.  
 Hope nothing, if I thus may speak  
 195 To thee, a woman, and thence weak.  
 Hope nothing, I repeat, for we  
 Are doomed to perish utterly.  
 'Tis meet that thou with me divide  
 The thought while I am by thy side,  
 200 Acknowledging a grace in this,  
 A comfort in the dark abyss.  
 But look not for me when I am gone,  
 And be no farther wrought upon.  
 Farewell all wishes, all debate,  
 205 All prayers for this cause, or for that!  
 Weep, if that aid thee; but depend  
 Upon no help of outward friend;  
 Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave  
 To fortitude without reprove  
 210 For we must fall, both we and ours—

This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,  
 Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall—  
 Our fate is theirs, will reach them all,  
 The young horse must forsake his manger,  
 215 And learn to glory in a Stranger ;  
 The hawk forgot his perch ; the hound  
 Be parted from his ancient ground :  
 The blast will sweep us all away—  
 One desolation, one decay !

220 And even this Creature !” which words saying,  
 He pointed to a lovely Doe,  
 A few steps distant, feeding, straying ,  
 Fair creature, and more white than snow !  
 “ Even she will to her peaceful woods

225 Return, and to her murmuring floods,  
 And be in heart and soul the same  
 She was before she hither came ,  
 Ere she had learned to love us all,  
 Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.

230 —But thou, my Sister, doomed to be  
 The last leaf on a blasted tree ,  
 If not in vain we breathed the breath  
 Together of a purer faith ;  
 If hand in hand we have been lead ,

235 And thou, (O happy thought this day !)  
 Not seldom foremost in the way ,  
 If on one thought our minds have fed ,  
 And we have in one meaning read ;  
 If, when at home our private weal

240 Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,  
 Together we have learned to prize  
 Forbearance and self-sacrifice ,  
 If we like combatants have fared,  
 And for this issue been prepared ,

245 If thou art beautiful, and youth  
 And thought endue thee with all truth—  
 Be strong ;—be worthy of the grace  
 Of God, and fill thy destined place .  
 A Soul, by force of sorrows high ,

250 Uplifted to the purest sky  
 Of undisturbed humanity ! ”

He ended,—or she heard no more ,  
 He led her from the yew-tree shade ,  
 And at the mansion’s silent door ,

255 He kissed the consecrated Maid ;  
 And down the valley then pursued ,  
 Alone, the armèd Multitude .

## CANTO THIRD.

Now joy for you who from the towers  
 Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,  
 Telling melancholy hours !  
 Proclaim it, let your Masters hear !

5 That Norton with his band is near !  
 The watchmen from their station high  
 Pronounced the word,—and the Earls descry,  
 Well-pleased, the arm'd Company  
 Marching down the banks of Were

10 Said fearless Norton to the pair  
 Gone forth to greet him on the plain—  
 “ This meeting, noble Lords ! looks fair,  
 I bring with me a goodly train,  
 Their hearts are with you · hill and dale

15 Have helped us · Ure we crossed, and Swale,  
 And horse and harness followed—see  
 The best part of their Yeomanry !  
 —Stand forth, my Sons !—these eight are mine,  
 Whom to this service I commend ;

20 Which way soe'er our fate incline,  
 These will be faithful to the end,  
 They are my all ”—voice failed him here—  
 “ My all save one, a Daughter dear !  
 Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,

25 The meekest Chuld on this blessed earth.  
 I had—but these are by my side,  
 These Eight, and this is a day of pride !  
 The time is ripe With festive din  
 Lo ! how the people are flocking in,—

30 Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand  
 When snow lies heavy upon the land.”

He spake bare truth ; for far and near  
 From every side came noisy swarms  
 Of Peasants in their homely gear ;

35 And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came  
 Grave Gentry of estate and name,  
 And Captains known for worth in arms ;  
 And prayed the Earls in self-defence  
 To rise, and prove their innocence.—

40 “ Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might,  
 For holy Church, and the People's right ! ”

The Norton fixed, at this demand,  
 His eye upon Northumberland,

And said ; " The Minds of Men will own  
 45 No loyal rest while England's Crown  
 Remains without an Heir, the bait  
 Of strife and factions desperate ;  
 Who, paying deadly hate in kind  
 Through all things else, in this can find  
 50 A mutual hope, a common mind ;  
 And plot, and pant to overwhelm  
 All ancient honour in the realm  
 —Brave Earls ! to whose heroic veins  
 Our noblest blood is given in trust,  
 55 To you a suffering state complains,  
 And ye must raise her from the dust  
 With wishes of still bolder scope  
 On you we look, with dearest hope ,  
 Even for our Altars—for the prize  
 60 In Heaven, of life that never dies ;  
 For the old and holy Church we mourn,  
 And must in joy to her return  
 Behold ! "—and from his Son whose stand  
 Was on his right, from that guardian hand  
 65 He took the Banner, and unfurled  
 The precious folds—" behold," said he,  
 " The ransom of a sinful world ;  
 Let this your preservation be ,  
 The wounds of hands and feet and side,  
 70 And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died.  
 —This bring I from an ancient hearth,  
 These Records wrought in pledge of love  
 By hands of no ignoble birth,  
 A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove  
 75 Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood  
 While she the holy work pursued."  
 " Uplift the Standard ! " was the cry  
 From all the listeners that stood round,  
 " Plant it,—by this we live or die."  
 80 The Norton ceased not for that sound,  
 But said , " The prayer which ye have heard,  
 Much injured Earls ! by these preferred,  
 Is offered to the Saints, the sigh  
 Of tens of thousands, secretly."  
 85 " Uplift it ! " cried once more the Band,  
 And then a thoughtful pause ensued :  
 " Uplift it !" said Northumberland—  
 Whereat from all the multitude  
 Who saw the Banner reared on high  
 90 In all its dread emblazonry,  
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out :

The transport was rolled down the river of Were,  
 And Durham, the time-honoured Durham, did hear,  
 And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by the  
 shout !

95 Now was the North in arms —they shine  
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,  
 At Percy's voice and Neville sees  
 His Followers gathering in from Tees,  
 From Were, and all the little rills

100 Concealed among the forked hills—  
 Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all  
 Of Neville, at their Master's call  
 Had sate together in Raby Hall !  
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore ,

105 Nor wanted at this time rich store  
 Of well-appointed chivalry.  
 —Not loath the sleepy lance to wield,  
 And greet the old paternal shield,  
 They heard the summons,—and, furthermore,

110 Horsemen and Foot of each degree,  
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,  
 Appeared, with free and open hate  
 Of novelties in Church and State ,  
 Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire ;

115 And Romish priest, in priest's attire.  
 And thus, in arms, a zealous Band  
 Proceeding under joint command,  
 To Durham first their course they bear ;  
 And in St. Cuthbert's ancient seat

120 Sang Mass,—and tore the Book of Prayer,—  
 And trod the Bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free  
 'They mustered their host at Wetherby,  
 Full sixteen thousand fair to see ;'

125 The Choicest Warriors of the North !  
 But none for beauty and for worth  
 Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring,  
 (Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)  
 Each with a lance, erect and tall,

130 A falchion, and a buckler small,  
 Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,  
 To guard the Standard which he bore.  
 On foot they girt their Father round ,  
 And so will keep the appointed ground

135 Where'er their march : no steed will he  
 Henceforth bestride ;—triumphantly,

He stands upon the grassy sod,  
 Trusting himself to the earth, and God.  
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire !

140 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire ,  
 Of him the most , and, sooth to say,  
 No shape of man in all the array  
 So graced the sunshine of that day  
 The monumental pomp of age

145 Was with this goodly Personage ,  
 A stature undepressed in size,  
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
 In open victory o'er the weight  
 Of seventy years, to loftier height ,

150 Magnific limbs of withered state ,  
 A face to fear and venerate ,  
 Eyes dark and strong , and on his head  
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,  
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,

155 Light as a hunter's of the field ,  
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,  
 Whereon the Banner-staff might rest  
 At need, he stood, advancing high  
 The glittering, floating Pageantry.

160 Who sees him ? —thousands see, and One  
 With unparticipated gaze ,  
 Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hath none,  
 And treads in solitary ways.  
 He, following wheresoe'er he might,

165 Hath watched the Banner from afar,  
 As shepherds watch a lonely star,  
 Or mariners the distant light  
 That guides them through a stormy night.  
 And now, upon a chosen plot

170 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot !  
 He takes alone his far-off stand,  
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.  
 Bold is his aspect , but his eye  
 Is pregnant with anxiety,

175 While, like a tutelary Power,  
 He there stands fixed from hour to hour .  
 Yet sometimes in more humble guise,  
 Upon the turf-clad height he lies  
 Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask

180 In sunshine were his only task,  
 Or by his mantle's help to find  
 A shelter from the nipping wind .  
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,

His weary spirits gather rest  
 185 Again he lifts his eyes, and lo !  
 The pageant glancing to and fro ;  
 And hope is wakened by the sight,  
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,  
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

190 To London were the Chieftains bent ;  
 But what avails the bold intent ?  
 A Royal army is gone forth  
 To quell the RISING OF THE NORTH ;  
 They march with Dudley at their head,

195 And, in seven days' space, will to York be led !—  
 Can such a mighty Host be raised  
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near ?  
 The Earls upon each other gazed,  
 And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear ;

200 For, with a high and valiant name,  
 He bore a heart of timid frame ;  
 And bold if both had been, yet they  
 'Against so many may not stay'  
 Back therefore will they lie to seize

205 A strong Hold on the banks of Tees ;  
 There wait a favourable hour,  
 Until Lord Dacre with his power  
 From Naworth come, and Howard's aid  
 Be with them openly displayed

210 While through the Host, from man to man,  
 A rumour of this purpose ran,  
 The Standard trusting to the care  
 Of him who heretofore did bear  
 That charge, impatient Norton sought

215 The Chieftains to unfold his thought,  
 And thus abruptly spake ;—“ We yield  
 (And can it be ?) an unfought field !—  
 How oft has strength, the strength of heaven,  
 To few triumphantly been given !

220 Still do our very children boast  
 Of mired Thurston—what a Host  
 He conquered !—Saw we not the Plain  
 (And flying shall behold again)  
 Where faith was proved ?—while to battle moved

225 The Standard on the Sacred Wain  
 That bore it, compassed round by a bold  
 Fraternity of Barons old ;  
 And with those grey-haired champions stood,  
 Under the saintly ensigns three,

230 The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—  
 All confident of victory !—  
 Shall Percy blush, then, for his name ?  
 Must Westmoreland be asked with shame  
 Whose were the numbers, where the loss,  
 235 In that other day of Neville's Cross ?  
 When the Prior of Durham with holy hand  
 Raised, as the Vision gave command,  
 Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near  
 Kenned on the point of a lofty spear ,  
 240 While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower  
 To God descending in his power.  
 Less would not at our need be due  
 To us, who war against the Untrue ,—  
 The delegates of Heaven we rise,  
 245 Convoked the impious to chastise  
 We, we, the sanctuaries of old  
 Would re-establish and uphold :  
 Be warned ”—His zeal the Chiefs confounded,  
 But word was given, and the trumpet sounded  
 250 Back through the melancholy Host  
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.  
 Alas ! thought he, and have I borne  
 This Banner raised with joyful pride,  
 This hope of all posterity ,  
 255 By those dread symbols sanctified ,  
 Thus to become at once the scorn  
 Of babbling winds as they go by,  
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye ,  
 To the light clouds a mockery !  
 260 —“ Even these poor eight of mine would stem ”—  
 Half to himself, and half to them  
 He spake—“ would stem, or quell, a force  
 Ten times their number, man and horse ,  
 This by their own unaided might,  
 265 Without their father in their sight,  
 Without the Cause for which they fight ,  
 A Cause, which on a needful day  
 Would breed us thousands brave as they ”  
 —So speaking, he his reverend head  
 270 Raised towards that Imagery once more  
 But the familiar prospect shed  
 Despondency unfelt before .  
 A shock of intimations vain,  
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,  
 275 Fell on him, with the sudden thought  
 Of her by whom the work was wrought .—  
 Oh wherefore was her countenance bright

With love divine and gentle light ?  
 She would not, could not, disobey,  
 280 But her Faith leaned another way.  
 Ill tears she wept, I saw them fall,  
 I overheard her as she spake  
 Sad words to that mute Animal,  
 The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake ;  
 285 She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,  
 This Cross in tears by her, and One  
 Unworthier far we are undone—  
 Her recreant Brother—he prevailed  
 Over that tender Spirit—assailed  
 290 Too oft alas ! by her whose head  
 In the cold grave hath long been laid .  
 She first, in reason's dawn beguiled  
 Her docile, unsuspecting Child :  
 Far back—far back my mind must go  
 295 To reach the well-spring of this woe !

While thus he brooded, music sweet  
 Of border tunes was played to cheer  
 The footsteps of a quick retreat ,  
 But Norton lingered in the rear,  
 300 Stung with sharp thoughts , and ere the last  
 From his distracted brain was cast,  
 Before his Father, Francis stood,  
 And spake in firm and earnest mood.

“ Though here I bend a suppliant knee  
 305 In reverence, and unarmed, I bear  
 In your indignant thoughts my share ,  
 Am grieved this backward march to see  
 So careless and disorderly  
 I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead ,  
 310 And yet want courage at their need :  
 Then look at them with open eyes !  
 Deserve they further sacrifice ?—  
 If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose ,  
 In open field their gathering foes ,  
 315 (And fast, from this decisive day ,  
 Yon multitude must melt away ;)  
 If now I ask a grace not claimed  
 While ground was left for hope ; unblamed  
 Be an endeavour that can do  
 320 No injury to them or you .  
 My father ! I would help to find  
 A place of shelter, till the rage  
 Of cruel men do like the wind  
 Exhaust itself and sink to rest ;

325 Be Brother now to Brother joined !  
 Admit me in the equipage  
 Of your misfortunes, that at least,  
 Whatever fate remain behind,  
 I may bear witness in my breast  
 330 To your nobility of mind !”

“ Thou Enemy, my bane and blight !  
 Oh ! bold to fight the Coward’s fight  
 Against all good ”—but why declare,  
 At length, the issue of a prayer

335 Which love had prompted, yielding scope  
 Too free to one bright moment’s hope ?  
 Suffice it that the Son, who strove  
 With fruitless effort to allay  
 That passion, prudently gave way ,

340 Nor did he turn aside to prove  
 His Brothers’ wisdom or their love—  
 But calmly from the spot withdrew ,  
 His best endeavours to renew ,  
 Should e’er a kindlier time ensue.

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#### CANTO FOURTH.

’Tis night in silence looking down,  
 The Moon, from cloudless ether, sees  
 A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,  
 And Castle like a stately crown

5 On the steep rocks of winding Tees ;—  
 And southward far, with moor between,  
 Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,  
 The bright Moon sees that valley small  
 Where Rylstone’s old sequestered Hall

10 A venerable image yields  
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields ,  
 While from one pillared chimney breathes  
 The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths  
 —The courts are hushed,—for timely sleep

15 The grey-hounds to their kennel creep ;  
 The peacock in a broad ash tree  
 Aloft is roosted for the night,  
 He who in proud prosperity  
 Of colours manifold and bright

20 Walked round, affronting the daylight ;  
 And higher still, above the bower  
 Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower

The hall-clock in the clear moonshine  
With glittering finger points at nine.

25 Ah ! who could think that sadness here  
Hath any sway <sup>?</sup> or pain, or fear ?  
A soft and lulling sound is heard  
Of streams inaudible by day ;  
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred  
30 By the night insects in their play,  
Breaks into dimples small and bright ;  
A thousand, thousand rings of light  
That shape themselves and disappear  
Almost as soon as seen —and lo !  
35 Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—  
The same who quietly was feeding  
On the green herb, and nothing heeding,  
When Francis, uttering to the Maid  
His last words in the yew-tree shade,  
40 Involved whate'er by love was brought  
Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,  
Or chance presented to his eye,  
In one sad sweep of destiny—  
The same fair Creature, who hath found  
45 Her way into forbidden ground,  
Where now—within this spacious plot  
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,  
With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades  
Of trellis-work in long arcades,  
50 And cirque and crescent framed by wall  
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,  
Converging walks, and fountains gay,  
And terraces in trim array—  
Beneath yon cypress spring high,  
55 With pine and cedar spreading wide  
Their darksome boughs on either side,  
In open moonlight doth she lie ,  
Happy as others of her kind,  
That, far from human neighbourhood,  
60 Range unrestricted as the wind,  
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid  
Emerging from a cedar shade  
To open moonshine, where the Doe  
65 Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;  
Like a patch of April snow—  
Upon a bed of herbage green,  
Lingering in a woody glade

Or behind a rocky screen—  
 70 Lonely relic<sup>1</sup> which, if seen  
 By the shepherd, is passed by  
 With an inattentive eye  
 Nor more regard doth She bestow  
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe

75 Now couched at ease, though oft this day  
 Not unperplexed nor free from pain,  
 When she had tried, and tried in vain,  
 Approaching in her gentle way,  
 To win some look of love, or gain

80 Encouragement to sport or play,  
 Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid  
 Rejected, or with slight repaid

Yet Emily is soothed,—the breeze  
 Came fraught with kindly sympathies.

85 As she approached yon rustic Shed  
 Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread  
 Along the walls and overhead,  
 The fragrance of the breathing flowers  
 Revived a memory of those hours

90 When here, in this remote alcove,  
 (While from the pendent woodbine came  
 Like odours, sweet as if the same)  
 A fondly-anxious Mother strove  
 To teach her salutary fears

95 And mysteries above her years.  
 Yes, she is soothed · an Image faint,  
 And yet not faint—a presence bright  
 Returns to her—that blessed Saint  
 Who with mild looks and language mild

100 Instructed here her darling Child,  
 While yet a prattler on the knee,  
 To worship in simplicity  
 The invisible God, and take for guide  
 The faith reformed and purified

105 'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense  
 Of that beguiling influence,  
 “ But oh ! thou Angel from above,  
 Mute Spirit of maternal love,  
 That stood'st before my eyes, more clear

110 Than ghosts are fabled to appear  
 Sent upon embassies of fear,  
 As thou thy presence hast to me  
 Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry  
 Descend on Francis , nor forbear

115 To greet him with a voice, and say ;—  
 ‘ If hope be a rejected stay,  
 Do thou, my Christian Son, beware  
 Of that most lamentable snare,  
 The self-reliance of despair ! ’ ”

120 Then from within the embowered retreat  
 Where she had found a grateful seat  
 Perturbed she issues She will go !  
 Herself will follow to the war,  
 And clasp her Father’s knees ;—ah, no !

125 She meets the insuperable bar,  
 The injunction by her Brother laid ,  
 His parting charge—but ill obeyed—  
 That interdicted all debate,  
 All prayer for this cause or for that ,

130 All efforts that would turn aside  
 The headstrong current of their fate  
*Her duty is to stand and wait ;*  
 In resignation to abide  
 The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE

135 O’ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE  
 —She feels it, and pangs are checked  
 But now, as silently she paced  
 The turf, and thought by thought was chased,  
 Came One who, with sedate respect,

140 Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake ,  
 “ An old man’s privilege I take .  
 Dark is the time—a woeful day !  
 Dear daughter of affliction, say  
 How can I serve you ‘ point the way .”

145 “ Rights have you, and may well be bold  
 You with my Father have grown old  
 In friendship—strive—for his sake go—  
 Turn from us all the coming woe  
 This would I beg , but on my mind

150 A passive stillness is enjoined  
 On you, if room for mortal aid  
 Be left, is no restriction laid ;  
 You not forbidden to recline  
 With hope upon the Will divine ”

155 “ Hope,” said the old Man, “ must abide  
 With all of us, whate’er betide  
 In Craven’s wilds is many a den,  
 To shelter persecuted men  
 Far underground is many a cave,

160 Where they might lie as in the grave,  
 Until this storm hath ceased to rave  
 Or let them cross the river Tweed,  
 And be at once from peril freed ! ”

“ Ah tempt me not ! ” she faintly sighed ;  
 165 “ I will not counsel nor exhort,  
 With my condition satisfied,  
 But you, at least, may make report  
 Of what befalls,—be this your task—  
 This may be done,—’tis all I ask ! ”

170 She spake—and from the Lady’s sight  
 The Sire, unconscious of his age,  
 Departed promptly as a Page  
 Bound on some errand of delight  
 —The noble Francis—wise as brave,  
 175 Thought he, may want not skill to save  
 With hopes in tenderness concealed,  
 Unarmed he followed to the field,  
 Him will I seek · the insurgent Powers  
 Are now besieging Barnard’s Towers,—

180 “ Grant that the moon which shines this night  
 May guide them in a prudent flight ! ”

But quick the turns of chance and change,  
 And knowledge has a narrow range ;  
 Whence idle fears, and needless pain,  
 185 And wishes blind, and efforts vain —  
 The moon may shine, but cannot be  
 Their guide in flight—already she  
 Hath witnessed their captivity.  
 She saw the desperate assault

190 Upon that hostile castle made ;—  
 But dark and dismal is the vault  
 Where Norton and his sons are laid !  
 Disastrous issue ! —he had said  
 “ This night yon faithless Towers must yield,

195 Or we for ever quit the field.  
 —Neville is utterly dismayed,  
 For promise fails of Howard’s aid ;  
 And Dacre to our call replies  
 That he is unprepared to rise.

200 My heart is sick ;—this weary pause  
 Must needs be fatal to our cause.  
 The breach is open—on the wall,  
 This night, the Banner shall be planted ! ”  
 —’Twas done · His Sons were with him—all ;

205 They belt him round with hearts undaunted,  
And others follow,—Sire and Son  
Leap down into the court,—“ ‘Tis won”—  
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed  
That with their joyful shout should close  
210 The triumph of a desperate deed  
Which struck with terror friends and foes !  
The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils  
From Norton and his filial band,  
But they, now caught within the toils,  
215 Against a thousand cannot stand,—  
The foe from numbers courage drew,  
And overpowered that gallant few  
“ A rescue for the Standard ! ” cried  
The Father from within the walls,  
220 But, see, the sacred Standard falls !—  
Confusion through the Camp spread wide.  
Some fled, and some their fears detained  
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest  
In her pale chambers of the west,  
225 Of that rash levy nought remained.

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### CANTO FIFTH

HIGH on a point of rugged ground  
Among the wastes of Ryelstone Fell  
Above the loftiest ridge or mound  
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,  
5 An edifice of warlike frame  
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—  
It fronts all quarters, and looks round  
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,  
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream  
10 Upon a prospect without bound  
The summit of this bold ascent—  
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free  
As Pendle-hill or Pennygent  
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—  
15 Had often heard the sound of glee  
When there the youthful Nortons met,  
To practise games and archery—  
How proud and happy they ! the crowd  
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud !  
20 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,  
From showers, or when the prize was won,  
They to the Tower withdrew, and there

Would mirth run round, with generous fare ,  
 And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall,  
 25 Was happiest, proudest, of them all !

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,  
 Upon the height walks to and fro ,  
 'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,  
 Received the bitterness of woe .  
 30 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,  
 Such ights did feeble nature claim ,  
 And oft her steps had hither steered,  
 Though not unconscious of self-blame ,  
 For she her brother's charge revered,  
 35 His farewell words , and by the same,  
 Yea by her brother's very name,  
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood  
 That gray-haired Man of gentle blood ,  
 40 Who with her Father had grown old  
 In friendship , rival hunters they ,  
 And fellow warriors in their day ,  
 To Rylstone he the tidings brought ,  
 Then on this height the Maid had sought ,  
 45 And, gently as he could, had told  
 The end of that dire Tragedy ,  
 Which it had been his lot to see

To him the Lady turned , " You said  
 That Francis lives, *he* is not dead ? "

50 " Your noble brother hath been spared ,  
 To take his life they have not dared ;  
 On him and on his high endeavour  
 The light of praise shall shine for ever !  
 Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain  
 55 His solitary course maintain ,  
 Not vainly struggled in the night  
 Of duty, seeing with clear sight ,  
 He was their comfort to the last ,  
 Their joy till every pang was past.

60 I witnessed when to York they came—  
 What, Lady, if their feet were tied ,  
 They might deserve a good Man's blame ;  
 But marks of infamy and shame—  
 These were their triumph, these their pride ;  
 65 Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd

Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,  
 'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,  
 'A Prisoner once, but now set free !  
 'Tis well, for he the worst defied  
 70 Through force of natural piety ,  
 He rose not in this quarrel, he,  
 For concord's sake and England's good,  
 Suit to his Brothers often made  
 With tears, and of his Father prayed—  
 75 And when he had in vain withstood  
 Their purpose—then did he divide,  
 He parted from them , but at their side  
 Now walks in unanimity.  
 Then peace to cruelty and scorn,  
 80 While to the prison they are borne,  
 Peace, peace to all indignity !'

And so in Prison were they laid—  
 Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,  
 For I am come with power to bless,  
 85 By scattering gleams, through your distress,  
 Of a redeeming happiness  
 Me did a reverent pity move  
 And privilege of ancient love ,  
 And, in your service, making bold,  
 90 Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

Your Father gave me cordial greeting ,  
 But to his purposes, that burned  
 Within him, instantly returned  
 He was commanding and entreating,  
 95 And said—' We need not stop, my Son !  
 Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on'—  
 And so to Francis he renewed  
 His words more calmly thus pursued.

'Might this our enterprise have sped,  
 100 Change wide and deep the Land had seen,  
 A renovation from the dead,  
 A spring-tide of immortal green .  
 The darksome altars would have blazed  
 Like stars when clouds are rolled away ,  
 105 Salvation to all eyes that gazed,  
 Once more the Rood had been upraised  
 To spread its arms, and stand for aye.  
 Then, then—had I survived to see  
 New life in Bolton Priory ,  
 110 The voice restored, the eye of Truth  
 Re-opened that inspired my youth ;

To see her in her pomp arrayed—  
 This Banner (for such vow I made)  
 Should on the censecrated breast  
 115 Of that same Temple have found rest  
 I would myself have hung it high,  
 Fit offering of glad victory !

A shadow of such thought remains  
 To cheer this sad and pensive time ,  
 120 A solemn fancy yet sustains  
 One feeble Being—bids me climb  
 Even to the last—one effort more  
 To attest my Faith, if not restore.

Here then,' said he, ' while I impart,  
 125 My Son, the last wish of my heart.  
 The Banner strive thou to regain ;  
 And, if the endeavour prove not vain,  
 Bear it—to whom if not to thee  
 Shall I this lonely thought consign ?—

130 Bear it to Bolton Priory,  
 And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine ,  
 To wither in the sun and breeze  
 'Mid those decaying sanctities  
 There let at least the gift be laid,  
 135 The testimony there displayed ;  
 Bold proof that with no selfish aim,  
 But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,  
 I helmeted a brow though white,  
 And took a place in all men's sight ,  
 140 Yea offered up this noble Brood,  
 This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,  
 And turned away from thee, my Son !  
 And left—but be the rest unsaid,  
 The name untouched, the tear unshed ;—

145 My wish is known, and I have done .  
 Now promise, grant this one request,  
 This dying prayer, and be thou blest !'

Then Francis answered—' Trust thy Son,  
 For, with God's will, it shall be done '—

150 The pledge obtained, the solemn word  
 Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,  
 And Officers appeared in state  
 To lead the prisoners to their fate.  
 They rose, oh ! wherefore should I fear  
 155 To tell, or, Lady, you to hear ?  
 They rose—embraces none were given—

They stood like trees when earth and heaven  
 Are calm they knew each other's worth,  
 And reverently the Band went forth

160 They met, when they had reached the door,  
 One with profane and harsh intent  
 Placed there—that he might go before  
 And, with that *ueful* Banner borne  
 Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,

165 Conduct them to their punishment  
 So cruel Sussex, unrestrained  
 By human feeling, had ordained  
 The unhappy Bauner Francis saw,  
 And, with a look of calm command

170 Inspiring universal awe,  
 He took it from the soldier's hand ;  
 And all the people that stood round  
 Confirmed the deed in peace profound  
 —High transport did the Father shed

175 Upon his Son—and they were led,  
 Led on, and yielded up their breath ,  
 Together died, a happy death !—  
 But Francis, soon as he had braved  
 That insult, and the Banner saved,

180 Athwart the unresisting tide  
 Of the spectators occupied  
 In admiration or dismay,  
 Bore instantly his Charge away."

These things, which thus had in the sight

185 And hearing passed of Him who stood  
 With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,  
 In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,  
 He told , and oftentimes with voice  
 Of power to comfort or rejoice ,

190 For deepest sorrows that aspire,  
 Go high, no transport ever higher  
 " Yes—God is rich in mercy," said  
 The old Man to the silent Maid,  
 " Yet, Lady ! shines, through this black night,

195 One star of aspect heavenly bright ;  
 Your Brother lives—he lives—is come  
 Perhaps already to his home ;  
 Then let us leave this dreary place "  
 She yielded, and with gentle pace,

200 Though without one uplifted look,  
 To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

## CANTO SIXTH.

Why comes not Francis ?—From the doleful City  
 He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear  
 The death-sounds of the Minster-bell .  
 That sullen stroke pronounced farewell  
 5 To Marmaduke, cut off from pity !  
 To Ambrose that ! and then a knell  
 For him, the sweet half-opened Flower !  
 For all—all dying in one hour !  
 —Why comes not Francis ? Thoughts of love  
 10 Should bear him to his Sister dear  
 With the fleet motion of a dove ,  
 Yea, like a heavenly messenger  
 Of speediest wing, should he appear  
 Why comes he not ?—for westward fast  
 15 Along the plain of York he passed ,  
 Reckless of what impels or leads ,  
 Unchecked he hurries on,—nor heeds  
 The sorrow, through the Villages ,  
 Spread by triumphant cruelties  
 20 Of vengeful military force ,  
 And punishment without remorse  
 He marked not, heard not, as he fled ;  
 All but the suffering heart was dead  
 For him abandoned to blank awe ,  
 25 To vacancy, and horror strong  
 And the first object which he saw ,  
 With conscious sight, as he swept along—  
 It was the Banner in his hand !  
 He felt—and made a sudden stand .  
 30 He looked about like one betrayed .  
 What hath he done ? what promise made ?  
 Oh weak, weak moment ! to what end  
 Can such a vain ablation tend ,  
 And he the Bearer ?—Can he go  
 35 Carrying this instrument of woe ,  
 And find, find anywhere, a right  
 To excuse him in his Country's sight ?  
 No ; will not all men deem the change  
 A downward course, perverse and strange ?  
 40 Here is it ,—but how ? when ? must she ,  
 The unoffending Emily ,  
 Again this piteous object see ?  
 Such conflict long did he maintain ,  
 Nor liberty nor rest could gain :

45 His own life into danger brought  
 By this sad burden—even that thought,  
 Exciting self-suspicion strong  
 Swayed the brave man to his wrong  
 And how—unless it were the sense  
 50 Of all-disposing Providence,  
 Its will unquestionably shewn—  
 How has the Banner clung so fast  
 To a palsied, and unconscious hand,  
 Clung to the hand to which it passed  
 55 Without impediment? And why  
 But that Heaven's purpose might be known  
 Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,  
 No intervention, to withstand  
 Fulfilment of a Father's prayer  
 60 Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest  
 When all resentments were at rest,  
 And life in death laid the heart bare?—  
 Then, like a spectre sweeping by,  
 Rushed through his mind the prophecy  
 65 Of utter desolation made  
 To Emily in the yew-tree shade.  
 He sighed, submitting will and power,  
 To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.  
 "No choice is left, the deed is mine—  
 70 Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,  
 And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,  
 Will lay the Relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will  
 He went, and traversed plain and hill,  
 75 And up the vale of Wharf his way  
 Pursued;—and, at the dawn of day,  
 Attained a summit whence his eyes  
 Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.  
 There Francis for a moment's space  
 80 Made halt—but hark! a noise behind  
 Of horsemen at an eager pace!  
 He heard, and with misgiving mind.  
 —'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band  
 They come, by cruel Sussex sent;  
 85 Who, when the Nortons from the hand  
 Of death had drunk their punishment,  
 Brought him, angry and ashamed,  
 How Francis, with the Banner claimed  
 As his own charge, had disappeared,  
 90 By all the standers-by revered.  
 His whole bold carriage (which had quelled

Thus far the Opposer, and repelled  
 All censure, enterprise so bright  
 That even bad men had vainly striven  
 95 Against that overcoming light)  
 Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,  
 That to what place soever fled  
 He should be seized, alive or dead

The troop of horse have gained the height  
 100 Where Francis stood in open sight  
 They hem him round—"Behold the proof,"  
 They cried, "the Ensign in his hand!"  
*He* did not arm, he walked aloof!  
 For why?—to save his Father's land;—  
 105 Worst Traitor of them all is he,  
 A Traitor dark and cowardly!"

"I am no Traitor," Francis said,  
 "Though this unhappy freight I bear,  
 And must not part with. But beware,—  
 110 Err not, by hasty zeal misled,  
 Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,  
 Whose self-reproaches are too strong!"  
 At this he from the beaten road  
 Retreated towards a brake of thorn,  
 115 That like a place of vantage shewed;  
 And there stood bravely, though forlorn.  
 In self-defence with warlike brow  
 He stood,—nor weaponless was now;  
 He from a Soldier's hand had snatched  
 120 A spear,—and, so protected, watched  
 The Assailants, turning round and round;  
 But, from behind, with treacherous wound  
 A spearman brought him to the ground.  
 The guardian lance, as Francis fell,  
 125 Dropped from him, but his other hand  
 The Bauner clenched, till, from out the Band,  
 One, the most eager for the prize,  
 Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!  
 A glimmering sense still left, with eyes  
 130 Unclosed the noble Francis lay—  
 Seized it, as hunters seize their prey,  
 But not before the warm life-blood  
 Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,  
 The wounds the broidered Banner shewed,  
 135 Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as good?

Proudly the Horsemen bore away  
 The Standard; and where Francis lay

140 There was he left alone, unwept,  
 And for two days unnoticed slept  
 For at that time bewildering fear  
 Possessed the country, far and near,  
 But, on the third day, passing by,

145 One of the Norton Tenantry  
 Espied the uncovered Corse, the Man  
 Shrunk as he recognised the face,  
 And to the nearest homesteads ran  
 And called the people to the place  
 —How desolate is Rylstone-hall!  
 This was the instant thought of all,

150 And if the lonely Lady there  
 Should be ; to her they cannot bear!  
 This weight of anguish and despair  
 So, when upon sad thoughts had prest  
 Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best

155 That, if the priest should yield assent  
 And no one hinder their intent,  
 Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,  
 In holy ground a grave would make,  
 And straightway buried he should be

160 In the Church-yard of the Priory

Apart, some little space, was made  
 The grave where Francis must be laid.  
 In no confusion or neglect  
 This did they,—but in pure respect

165 That he was born of gentle blood,  
 And that there was no neighbourhood  
 Of kindred for him in that ground :  
 So to the Church-yard they are bound,  
 Bearing the body on a bier,

170 And psalms they sing—a holy sound  
 That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,  
 And is again disquieted,  
 She must behold!—so many gone,  
 175 Where is the solitary One?

And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,  
 To seek her Brother forth she went,  
 And tremblingly her course she bent  
 Toward Bolton's ruined Priory

180 She comes, and in the vale hath heard  
 The funeral dirge,—she sees the knot  
 Of people, sees them in one spot—  
 And darting like a wounded bird

She reached the grave, and with her breast  
 185 Upon the ground received the rest,—  
 The consummation, the whole ruth  
 And sorrow of this final truth !

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### CANTO SEVENTH

THOU spirit, whose angelic hand  
 Was to the harp a strong command,  
 Called the submissive strings to wake  
 In glory for this Maiden's sake,  
 5 Say, Spirit ! whither hath she fled  
 To hide her poor afflicted head ?  
 What mighty forest in its gloom  
 Enfolds her ?—Is a rifted tomb  
 Within the wilderness her seat ?  
 10 Some island which the wild waves beat—  
 Is that the Sufferer's last retreat ?  
 Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds  
 Its perilous front in mists and clouds ?  
 High-climbing rock, low sunless dale,  
 15 Sea, desert, what do these avail ?  
 Oh take her anguish and her fears  
 Into a deep recess of years !

'Tis done,—despoil and desolation  
 O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown ,  
 20 Pools, terraces, and walks are sown  
 With weeds , the bowers are overthrown,  
 Or have given way to slow mutation,  
 While, in their ancient habitation  
 The Norton name hath been unknown.  
 25 The lordly Mansion of its pride  
 Is stripped · the ravage hath spread wide  
 Through park and field, a perishing  
 That mocks the gladness of the Spring !  
 And, with this silent gloom agreeing,  
 30 Appears a joyless human Being,  
 Of aspect such as if the waste  
 Were under her dominion placed  
 Upon a primrose bank, her throne  
 Of quietness, she sits alone ,  
 35 Among the ruins of a wood,  
 Erewhile a covert bright and green,  
 And where full many a brave tree stood,  
 That used to spread its boughs, and ring

With the sweet bird's carolling  
 40 Behold her, like a virgin Queen,  
 Neglecting in imperial state  
 These outward images of fate,  
 And carrying inward a serene  
 And perfect sway, through many a thought  
 45 Of chance and change, that hath been brought  
 To the subjection of a holy,  
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy !  
 The like authority, with grace  
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—  
 50 There hath she fixed it, yet it seems  
 To o'ershadow by no native right  
 That face, which cannot lose the gleams,  
 Lose utterly the tender gleams,  
 Of gentleness and meek delight,  
 55 And loving-kindness ever bright  
 Such is her sovereign mien —her dross  
 (A vest with woolen cincture tied,  
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)  
 Is homely,—fashioned to express  
 60 A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness  
 And she *hath* wandered, long and far,  
 Beneath the light of sun and star,  
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,  
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,  
 65 Yea like a ship at random blown  
 To distant places and unknown  
 But now she dares to seek a haven  
 Among her native wilds of Craven ,  
 Hath seen again her Father's roof,  
 70 And put her fortitude to proof ,  
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne ,  
 And she is thoroughly forlorn .  
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast ,  
 Sustained by memory of the past  
 75 And strength of Reason ; held above  
 The infirmities of mortal love ,  
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable ,  
 And awfully impenetrable.  
 And so,—beneath a mouldered tree ,  
 80 A self-surviving leafless oak ,  
 By unregarded age from stroke  
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily .  
 There did she rest, with head reclined ,  
 Herself most like a stately flower ,  
 85 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth

Hath separated from its kind,  
 To live and die in a shady bower,  
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,  
 90 A troop of deer came sweeping by,  
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder !  
 For One, among those rushing deer,  
 A single One, in mid career  
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye  
 95 Upon the Lady Emily,  
 A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,  
 A radiant creature, silver-bright !

Thus checked, a little while it stayed,  
 A little thoughtful pause it made,  
 100 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,  
 Drew softly near her, and more near —  
 Looked round—but saw no cause for fear,  
 So to her feet the creature came,  
 And laid its head upon her knee,  
 105 And looked into the Lady's face,  
 A look of pure benignity,  
 And fond unclouded memory.  
 It is, thought Emily, the same,  
 The very Doe of other years ! —

110 The pleading look the Lady viewed,  
 And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,  
 She melted into tears —  
 A flood of tears, that flowed apace,  
 Upon the happy Creature's face.

115 Oh, moment ever blest ! O Pan  
 Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,  
 This was for you a precious greeting,  
 And may it prove a fruitful meeting !  
 Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe  
 120 Can she depart ? can she forego  
 The Lady, once her playful peer,  
 And now her sainted Mistress dear ?  
 And will not Emily receive  
 This lovely chronicler of things  
 125 Long past, delights and sorrows ?  
 Lone Sufferer ! will not she believe  
 The promise in that speaking face ;  
 And welcome, as a gift of grace,  
 The saddest thought the Creature brings ?

130 That day, the first of a re-union,  
 Which was to teem with high communion,

That day of balmy April weather,  
 They tarried in the wood together  
 And when, ere fall of evening dew,  
 135 She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,  
 The White Doe tracked with faithful pace  
 The Lady to her dwelling-place,  
 That nook where, on paternal ground,  
 A habitation she had found,  
 140 The Master of whose humble board  
 Once owned her Father for his Lord,  
 A hut, by tufted trees defended,  
 Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is blended.

When Emily by morning light  
 145 Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight  
 She shrunk —with one frail shock of pain  
 Received and followed by a prayer,  
 She saw the Creature ; once again,  
 Shun will she not, she feels, will bear ;—  
 150 But, wheresoever she looked round,  
 All now was trouble-haunted ground,  
 And therefore now she deems it good  
 Once more this restless neighbourhood  
 To leave.—Unwooed, yet unfor-bidden,  
 155 The White Doe followed up the vale,  
 Up to another cottage, hidden  
 In the deep fork of Amerdale,  
 And there may Emily restore  
 Herself, in spots unseen before  
 160 —Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,  
 By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,  
 Haunts of a strengthening amity  
 That calmed her, cheered, and fortified ?  
 For she hath ventured now to read  
 165 Of time, and place, and thought, and deed—  
 Endless history that lies  
 In her silent Follower's eyes,  
 Who with a power like human reason  
 Discerns the favourable season,  
 170 Skilled to approach or to retire,—  
 From looks conceiving her desire,  
 From look, deportment, voice, or mien,  
 That vary to the heart within,  
 If she too passionately wreathed  
 175 Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,  
 Walked quick or slowly, every mood  
 In its degree was understood ;  
 Then well may their accord be true,

And kindest intercourse ensue

180 —Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing  
When she by sudden glimpse espied  
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,  
Or in the meadow wandered wide !  
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank  
185 Beside her, on some sunny bank !  
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,  
They, like a nested pair, reposed !  
Fair Vision ! when it crossed the Maid  
Within some rocky cavern laid,

190 The dark cave's portal gliding by,  
White as whitest cloud on high  
Floating through the azure sky  
—What now is left for pain or fear ?  
That Presence, dearer and more dear,

195 While they, side by side, were straying,  
And the shepherd's pipe was playing,  
Did now a very gladness yield  
At morning to the dewy field,  
And with a deeper peace endued

200 The hour of moonlight solitude

With her Companion, in such frame  
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came ;  
And, ranging through the wasted groves,  
Received the memory of old loves,

205 Undisturbed and undistrest,  
Into a soul which now was blest  
With a soft spring-day of holy,  
Mild, and grateful, melancholy  
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,

210 But by tender fancies brightened

When the bells of Rylstone played  
Their Sabbath music—“ *God us ayde !* ”  
That was the sound they seemed to speak ;  
Inscriptive legend which I ween

215 May on those holy bells be seen,  
That legend and her Grandsire's name ;  
And oftentimes the Lady meek  
Had in her childhood read the same ,  
Words which she slighted at that day , -

220 But now, when such sad change was wrought,  
And of that lonely name she thought,  
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,  
While she sate listening in the shade,  
With vocal music, “ *God us ande ,* ”

225 And all the hills were glad to bear  
Their part in this effectual prayer.  
Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power,  
But with the White Doe at her side  
Up would she climb to Norton tower,  
230 And thence look round her far and wide,  
Her fate there measuring,—all is stilled,—  
The weak One hath subdued her heart,  
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,  
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!  
235 But here her Brother's words have failed,  
Here hath a milder doom prevailed,  
That she, of him and all bereft,  
Hath yet this faithful Partner left;  
This one Associate that disproves  
240 His words, remains for her, and loves.  
If tears are shed, they do not fall  
For loss of him—for one, or all,  
Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep,  
Moved gently in her sonl's soft sleep,  
245 A few tears down her cheek descend  
For this her last and living Friend  
Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,  
And bless for both this savage spot;  
Which Emily doth sacred hold  
250 For reasons dear and manifold—  
Here hath she, here before her sight,  
Close to the summit of this height,  
The grassy rock-encircled Pound  
In which the Creature first was found  
255 So beautiful the timid Thrall  
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)  
Her youngest Brother brought it home;  
The youngest, then a lusty boy,  
Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall  
260 With heart brimful of pride and joy!  
But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,  
On favouring nights, she loved to go,  
There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,  
Attended by the soft-paced Doe;  
265 Nor feared she in the still moonshine  
To look upon Saint Mary's shrine,  
Nor on the lonely turf that showed  
Where Francis slept in his last abode.  
For that she came; there oft she sate  
270 Forlorn, but not disconsolate;

And, when she from the abyss returned  
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned,  
 Was happy that she lived to greet  
 Her mute Companion as it lay  
 275 In love and pity at her feet,  
 How happy in its turn to meet  
 The recognition ' the mild glance  
 Beamed from that gracious countenance,  
 Communication, like the ray  
 280 Of a new morning, to the nature  
 And prospects of the inferior Creature !

A mortal Song we sing, by dower  
 Encouraged of celestial power,  
 Power which the viewless Spirit shed  
 285 By whom we were first visited,  
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings  
 Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,  
 When, left in solitude, erewhile  
 We stood before this ruined Pile,  
 290 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,  
 Sang in this Presence kindred themes,  
 Distress and desolation spread  
 Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—  
 Dead—but to live again on earth,  
 295 A second and yet nobler birth,  
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high  
 The re-ascent in sanctity !  
 From fair to fairer, day by day  
 A more divine and loftier way !

300 Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,  
 By sorrow lifted towards her God,  
 Uplifted to the purest sky  
 Of undisturbed mortality.  
 Her own thoughts loved she ; and could bond  
 305 A dear look to her lowly Friend ;  
 There stopped ; her thirst was satisfied  
 With what this innocent spring supplied .  
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,  
 And stood apart from human cares :  
 310 But to the world returned no more,  
 Although with no unwilling mind  
 Help did she give at need, and joined  
 The Wharfdale peasants in their prayers.  
 At length, thus faintly, faintly tied  
 315 To earth, she was set free, and died.  
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,  
 Maid of the blasted family,

Rose to the God from whom it came !

—In Rylstone Church her mortal frame

320 Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset ! and a ray

Survives—the twilight of this day—

In that fair Creature whom the fields

Support, and whom the forest shields ;

325 Who, having filled a holy place,

Pai takes, in her degree, Heaven's grace ;

And bears a memory and a mind

Raised far above the law of kind ,

Haunting the spots with lonely cheer

330 Which her dear Mistress once held dear .

Loves most what Emily loved most—

The enclosure of this church-yard ground ,

Here wanders like a gliding ghost ,

And every Sabbath here is found ,

335 Comes with the people when the bells

Are heard among the moorland dells ,

Finds entrance through yon arch, whero way

Lies open on the Sabbath-day ,

Here walks amid the mournful waste

340 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced ,

And floors encumbered with rich show

Of fret-work imagery laid low ,

Paces softly, or makes halt ,

By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault ,

345 By plate of monumental brass

Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass ,

And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave :

But chiefly by that single grave ,

That one sequestered hillock green ,

350 The pensive visitant is seen

There doth the gentle Creature lie

With those adversities unmoved ,

Calm spectacle, by earth and sky

In their benignity approved !

355 And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile ,

Subdued by outrage and decay ,

Looks down upon her with a smile ,

A gracious smile, that seems to say—

“Thou, thou art not a Child of Time ,

360 But Daughter of the Eternal Prime !”



# CRITICISMS ON WORDSWORTH

By Various Writers.

## SELECTED AND ABRIDGED.

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I MR MATTHEW ARNOLD says — “I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth, is after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognises the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language. Taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakespeare and Milton, and going through it, —Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gay, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead), — I think it certain that Wordsworth’s name deserves, and finally will stand above them all. But this is not enough to say. I think it certain, further, that if we take the chief poetical names of the Continent since the death of Molière, and, omitting Goethe, confront the remaining names with that of Wordsworth, the result is the same. Let us take Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Uhland, Ruckert, and Heine for Germany, Filoclea, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi for Italy, Racine, Boileau, Voltaire, André Chenier, Béranger, Lamartine, Musset, Victor Hugo for France. Several of these again have evidently gifts and excellences to which Wordsworth can make no pretension. But in real poetical achievement it seems to me indubitable that to Wordsworth here again belongs the palm.

With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven than Wordsworth. But I know not where else among moderns we are to find his superiors.” Elsewhere he adds — “He (Wordsworth) is one of the very chief glories of English Poetry, and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry.” And again —

“We must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress on what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy, —so far, at least, as it may put on the form and habit of ‘a scientific system of thought,’ and the more that it puts them on, —is the illusion. Perhaps we shall one day learn to make this proposition general, and to say ‘Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion.’ But in Wordsworth’s case, at any rate, we cannot do him justice until we dismiss his formal philosophy.”

II COLEBRIDGE and Wordsworth were intimate friends, and no more discriminating or elevated judgment of Wordsworth’s genius is to be found than that which Coleridge inserted in the volume which he called his *Biographia Literaria* / Coleridge in Chap. IV. of this work says that what made Wordsworth great, and differentiated him from other popular poets was “the union of deep feeling with profound thought, the fine balance of truth, in observing, with the imaginative faculty, in modifying,

the objects observed, and above all the original gift of spreading the tone, the *atmosphere*, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world, around forms incidents and situations, of which for the common view, custom had bedimmed all lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dewdrops. To find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the ANCIENT of Days and all His works, with feelings as flesh as if all had then sprung forth at the first creative fiat, characterises the mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

"With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,  
And man and woman,"

this is the character and privilege of genius"

Coleridge claims the following merits for Wordsworth's poetry —

- 1 An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically, in short the perfect appropriation of the words to the meaning
- 2 A corresponding weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments, won not from books, but from the poet's own meditations
- 3 The suewv strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs, and a frequent and peculiar happiness of diction
- 4 The perfect truth to nature in his images and descriptions, as proving a long and intimate acquaintance with the very spirit that gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature
- 5 A meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought, with sensibility, a sympathy with man as man
- 6 The gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word.

Yet the same critic does not shrink from admitting defects, characteristic defects, in his friend's poetry — inequality of style, over-care for minute painting of details, disproportion and incongruity between language and feeling, between matter and decoration, "and thoughts and images too great for the subject"

Coleridge adds.—"He does not merely describe the misty uplands, and the brawling stream, and the shadowy vale, the evening star, the harvest moon, the daisy and the celandine but he brings them into immediate contact with the reader's heart and mind, and shews their inner and deeper relations. He had a singular gravity and dignity of thought, an intense depth of reflection, a capacity for the loftiest and most solemn emotion, and an entire independence of all other poets"

III CARLYLE knew Wordsworth though not intimately, and in a posthumous work published in 1887 gives the following estimate of him, — an estimate that need not excite surprise, considering the cynical and ironical character of the writer —"I did not see Wordsworth much, or till latish in my course see him at all, nor did we deeply admire each other at any time! His works I knew, but never considerably reverenced, —could not on attempting it

"Wordsworth was a man recognisably of strong intellectual powers, strong character; given to meditation, and much contemptuous of the unmeditative world, and its noisy nothingnesses, had a fine limpid style of writing and of delineating; a fine limpid vein of melody too in him (as of an honest rustic fiddle), good and well-handled, but wanting two or more

# NOTES

ON

## THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

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THIS poem appeared in the final anthonised edition, edited by the poet himself, with the following Advertisement, Dedication to his wife, and quotation from Bacon.

### "ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the summer of 1807, I visited for the first time the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory in Yorkshire, and the poem of the White Doe, founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

### DEDICATION.

---

IN trellis'd shed with clustering roses gay,  
And, MARY! oft beside our blazing fire,  
When years of wedded life were as a day  
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,  
Did we together read in Spenser's lay  
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,  
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,  
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Belovèd! pleasing was the smart,  
And the tear precious, in compassion shed  
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,  
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;  
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart  
The milk-white lamb which in a line she led,—  
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,  
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell  
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;  
Free fancy prized each specious miracle,  
And all its finer inspiration caught;  
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell,  
We by a lamentable change were taught  
That "bliss with mortal man may not abide"—  
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,  
For us the voice of melody was mute  
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,  
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,

Heaven's breathing influence fail'd not to bestow  
 A timely promise of unlock'd-for fruit,  
 Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content  
 From blossoms wild of francies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then to hear  
 Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell ;  
 And griefs whose aery motion comes not near  
 The pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel .  
 Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,  
 High over hill and low adown the dell  
 Again we wandered, willing to partake  
 All that she suffer'd for her dear Lord's sake.

Then too this song of mine once more could please,  
 Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,  
 Is temper'd and allay'd by sympathies  
 Aloft ascending, and descending deep,  
 Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest trees  
 Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep  
 Of the sharp winds ;—fair Creatures!—to whom Heaven  
 A calm and sunless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us, for it speaks  
 Of female patience winning firm repose,  
 And of the recompense that conscience seeks,  
 A bright, encouraging example shows,  
 Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,  
 Needful amid life's ordinary woes,—  
 Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless  
 A happy hour with hoier happiness

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,  
 Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive :  
 O, that my mind were equal to fulfil  
 The comprehensive mandate which they give—  
 Van aspiration of an earnest will !  
 Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,  
 Belov'd Wife! such solace to impart  
 As it hath yielded to thy tender heart

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,  
 April 20, 1815.

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,  
 The motion of a muscle—this way or that—  
 'Tis done ; and in the after-vacancy  
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed :  
 Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
 And has the nature of infinity.  
 Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem  
 And irremovable) gracious openings lie,  
 By which the soul—with patient steps of thought  
 Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—  
 May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds  
 Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent  
 Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.

'They that deny a God, destroy Man's nobility: for certaintly Man is of Kinn to the Beast by his Body, and if he be not of Kinn to God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature for take an example of a Dogg, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura. Which courage is manifestly such, as that Creature without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and a faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain.' **LORD BACON.**'

## CANTO FIRST

**Canto**—(Der.—It *canto* from Lat. *cantus*, song; from Lat. *cano* = I sing) is the name given to one of the chief divisions in a *song* or poem of great length.

1. **Bolton's old monastic tower**—The tower of the old monastery of Bolton in Yorkshire. The tower has now disappeared, but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. Bolton Priory was founded in 1120 A.D., by William de Meschines, and Cecilia his wife, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and St. Cuthbert. It is now the beautiful seat of the Duke of Devonshire. It shared the general fate of monastic institutions—all of which were suppressed in England by Henry VIII—the lesser monasteries being suppressed in 1536 and all that remained in 1539.

"The Monastery was first founded at Skipton, but in the year 1151 it was transferred to Bolton, by Alice de Rumelli—heiress to the Founder, William de Meschines—who confirmed all the grants. The monks of Bolton Priory were of the Order of St. Augustin. This Priory received several considerable benefactions, which were confirmed by King Henry III, Edward I, and Edward II, by which donations they were possessed of many Manors, and the patronage of many Churches, Free Warrens, &c., to the value of £444-17-4 at Michaelmas 1324, but at the general Dissolution it was rated much lower." BUCK's *Antiquities of England*. See also notes on lines 16 and 229.

2. **The bells**—The use of the plural shews that it was a *peal of bells* i.e. a set of bells tuned to each other.

**Ring**—Present tense, because the Poet represents himself as standing in front of the Abbey (l. 328), during the whole of this canto.

**Loud**—Adverb. "e is the usual termination by which adverbs are formed from adjectives, as *wid-e* = widely" (Rask Ang. Sax. Gram §335) It seems to be the suffix of the old dative, that case being used to express the *manner*. This suffix continued in Old and Early Eng. in such forms as *soft-e*, *bright-e*, *swift-e* till towards the end of the Fourth Period (1350—1460 A.D.) of the English Language, when it finally disappeared. When the suffix was lost these adverbs assumed the appearance of adjectives—e.g., the moon shines *bright*, the stream runs *fast*.

**Power**—Strength of tone.

3. **Shines**—See note on *ring*.

**Bright**—See note on *loud*.

**Gay**—Transferred epithet. It is the *people* that are gay, as they walk in their best array through the fields.

4. **Array**—A hybrid word. [Der.—O Fr. *arrai* preparation, Lat. *ad* (becoming *ar* before *rai*) = to, for; and Swed. *eda*, Danish *redē* = order, Icel. *reði*, implements, allied to A S *reðde* ready] Here it means “garments disposed in order on the person, raiment.”

5. **Of**—Consisting of

**Stole**—[Der.—Lat. *stola*, Gr. *stolē*, dress] A long loose garment reaching to the feet.

**Doublet**—A waistcoat, or vest; so called with reference to the outer garment, or from being double for warmth, or because it makes the dress double.

**Hood**—[Der.—A. S *hōd*, a hood, Germ. *hut*, a hat,] a soft covering for the head, worn by women.

**Scarf**—[Der.—A. S *scarf* a fragment, a strip cut off,] a piece of dress of a light ornamental kind, worn loosely over the shoulders, or about the neck

“Pat on your hood and scarf”—Swift

*The stole and doublet* are worn by the men; *the hood and scarf* by the women.

6. **Wharf**—Bolton Priory says DR. WHITAKER, in the *History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven*, “stands upon a beautiful curvature of the [river] Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.” The Wharf rises among the hills in the N. W. of Yorkshire and passes by Bolton Priory, Ilkley, Otley, Wetherby and Tadcaster till it is lost in the Ouse.

7. **Vale**—The valley in which the Priory stands “About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.” DR. WHITAKER.

8. **Trooping**—Participle attached to *people* “moving in troops, or crowds” [Der.—Fr. *troupe*, Lat. *turba*, a throng, crowd]

**To**—In answer to

**Summons holy**—The day was Sunday, (See line 30) and the bells summoned the people to prayer; so the summons was *holy*.

In verses 7 and 8, the metre is changed to *trochaic tetrameter*. See Appendix on Metres

9. **Moorlands**—Marshes, or tracts of watery ground.

10. **Sprinklings**—Small groups of people, scattered over the moorlands like separate drops of water. *Abstract* for *concrete*.

**Blithe**—Merry. Cp.

“A daughter fair

So buxom, *blithe*, and *debonairL'Allegro*.

11. **Grooms**—(A. S. *guma*, a man) has here the unusual meaning of *boys* or *young men*.

12. **Force their way**—Advance in spite of every obstacle, such as bushes, brambles and inequalities of ground.

13. **Budded brooms**—*Broom* is the name given to a genus of leguminous plants. It grows wild in small clumps of a bright green colour on hill sides. When *budded*, or in bloom, the blossom is of a bright yellow colour.

14 Observe the poetic force of this rhetorical question "They are utterly heedless whether they follow a beaten path, or make a new one, whether they trespass or not." Observe also the variation in the rime of lines 11—15, which is a quatrain with alternate rimes. Throughout the poem, the rime is usually consecutive in each distich.

This verse is *trochaic trimeter hypermetric*.

15 **Mood**—*Mode* or temper of mind.

**Hie**—Hasten. This word is rare except in poetry, and is often used with the reciprocal pronoun. Op in Shakespeare —

"The mayor towards Guildhall *hies* him in all post" Rich. III, iii, 5

"Good Norfolk, *hie* thee to thy charge" " " v, 3.

16. **Mouldering**—Crumbling, sinking into decay

**Priory**—(Low Lat *priuia*, Fr. *prieuré*)—a religious house, the head of which was a prior or prioress, and which was in dignity below an Abbey. There were two sorts of priories, one where the prior was chosen by the inmates, and governed as independently as an Abbot in an Abbey, the other where the priory was subordinate to an Abbey, and the prior was placed or displaced at the will of the Abbot. Priory and Abbey are applied indifferently to Bolton, but it was strictly speaking a Priory.

"This Priory was also called Emmesey, Embesea, Emleshey or Emshau, and was situated near Skipton, in the deanry of Craven and the archdeaconry of West Riding, Yorkshire, and sometimes called Bolton in Craven.

The following is BURTON's account of its foundation — 'Wilham de Meschines and Cecilia de Romeli his wife, baroness of Skipton, founded here, A.D. 1120, a monasteri for canons reguli of the Order of St Austin, to the honor of the Virgin Mary and St. Cuthbert but by tradition this foundation took its rise from the story as handed down to us from Dr. Johnston (a physician at Pontefract) from DODSWORTH's MSS Vol CXXV, fol 144, in the following manner, viz , It is there said, that Alice de Rumeli had only one son, who going a coursing with his grey hounds, came to a narrow brook or water, which was so narrow as might easily be stepped over, called the Strides, which he attempted to do, but by leading one of the dogs which did not advance, was drawn backwards into the water and drowned. The huntsman went to his mother and asked her, "What is good for a bootless beane?" and she, deeming some ill to her son, replied, "Endless sorrow;" so he told her it was her case and then related the accident that had befallen her son. She then said she would make many a poor man's son her heir, and then founded the religious house at Emsay, and afterwards removed it to Bolton. And the Doctor says, that in Bolton Hall he has seen the picture of this lady, her son and dog."

DUGDALE'S *Monasticon Anglicanum*, Vol. 6, p 201. See also notes on lines 1 and 229

17 **What would they there?**—What did they mean by going to Bolton Priory?

**Full**—Adverb to *fifty*.

**Fifty years**—Wordsworth makes the theme of his song occur 50 years after the suppression of the Monasteries. As the greater Monasteries such as Bolton were suppressed in 1539, we are thus enabled to fix the date at which the events described in this canto are supposed to have occurred, viz , 1589 A.D , or exactly 20 years after the Northern Rebellion.

18. **Sumptuous pile**—Magnificent mass of buildings.

**Peers**—Equals, fellows, *i.e.*, the other monasteries [Der—Lat *pau*, equal] Cf. the phrase 'trial by one's peers, *i.e.*, equals

19. **Doomed**—*Condemned* by Henry VIII, and Cromwell (*Thomas, not Oliver*, the Lord Protector of a later date) his Vicar-General in all ecclesiastical matters

21. **Tower**—“Formerly” says Dr. Whitaker, “over the Transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution [*i.e.* the suppression of the Monastery], when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the Choir, which must have terminated westward in some building of superior height to the ridge.”

22. **A voice of power**—Its far-resounding bells

23. **That ancient voice which**—That voice which in former days . . .

**Wont**—(Pronounced *want*, *won't*, pronounced *wont*, is a contraction of *will not*.) poetical for *was wont*, *i.e.* was accustomed

24. **Mass**—[Der.—Low Lat *missa* from Lat *mittere*=I send, dismiss In the ancient churches, the public services at which the *catechumens*, or those who were being prepared to embrace Christianity, were permitted to be present, were called *missa catechumenorum*, because at the close of them proclamation was made thus *Ite missa est* (sc *ecclisia*)—Depart, the congregation is dismissed Then followed the communion service which was called *missa fidelium*, *i.e.*, the mass for the faithful and which under the name of *missa*, or the *Mass*, still forms the principal part of public worship throughout the Catholic world ]—the chief religious service in the Catholic Church, and in the Greek Church

A *High Mass* is that which is sung or chanted, a *Low Mass* that which is read, and not chanted.

**High festival**—Important celebration or anniversary of some joyful occasion, civil or religious.

25. **Fabric**—[Lat. *fabrica*, the workshop of an artisan, a building] here means the Priory

27. **Chapel**—“The nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution [of the Monastery] for the use of the Saxon Cuius, is still a Parochial Chapel, and at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English Cathedral”—Wordsworth's note. A *Chapel* is a lesser or inferior place of worship In Catholic Churches, and also in cathedrals and abbey-churches such as Bolton, chapels are usually annexed in the recesses, on the sides of the aisles. [Der—Low Lat. *capella* originally a short cloak, hood or cowl, a sacred vessel. It is said that the Kings of France, in war, carried St. Martin's hat into the field; and the hat was kept in a tent as a precious relic, whence the place took the name of *capella*, *a little hat*, and the priest who had the custody of the tent was called *capellanus*, now *chaplain*.

28. **Scansion** :—Close *ly* *em* | *bowed* *and* | *trim* *ly* | *drest*.

Here the *trochaic trimeter hypermetrical* is varied by the insertion of two dactyls instead of the first two trochees

31. Verses 31 and 32 are *trochaic trimeter hypermetrical*; but the second foot of line 32 is a dactyl:—*gain and they* Coleridge has pointed out the beauty of lines 31—90. See Introduction.

33. In verses 33 and 34, the iambic tetrameter is varied by the insertion of *anapests* in the last foot of v. 33.—*and the folk*: and in the second and third feet of verse 34.

Who sate | in the shade | of the Pri | or's Oak.

34. **Prior's Oak**—"At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for £70. According to the price of wood at that time it would scarcely have contained less than 1,400 feet of timber" DR. WHITAKER

36 **Prelusive hymn**—The hymn which begins the service

37 **With one consent**—Unanimously.

38 **Scan**—Filling the Church with a lofty voice.

41. **Of a pure faith**—Protestantism is meant, the religion to which Wordsworth himself belonged

**The Vernal prime**—The youthful beginning "of a pure faith."

Construction—"For 'tis now), in great Eliza's golden time, the vernal prime of a new faith" Observe that "of a pure faith" does not depend upon "sunrise," but upon "prime"

42 **Great Eliza**—Queen Elizabeth (reigned 1558—1603). The Protestant religion, as it now exists in the established Church of England, was established by Act of Parliament, in 1559, the year after Queen Mary's death. The 39 Articles were ratified in 1562. The Spanish Armada was defeated and dispersed in 1588, and Ireland was for the first time completely conquered towards the close of her reign. The East India Company was established in 1600, and it was in this reign that the Maritime greatness of England began. Hence Wordsworth applies the Epithet *great* to Elizabeth, on account of her conquests, and *golden* to her time, because he considered the new changes made under her were for the better, and that hers was a kind of 'Golden Age.'

43 **Paraphrase**—The heart-felt hymn is ended in a moment

**Fervent din**—The sound of the hymn sung by the zealous worshippers.

44 Metre as in line 33.

45 **More tranquilly**—In a lower tone than the 'lofty voice' or 'the fervent' din of the congregation when they were singing the hymn.

46. **Liturgy**—Ritual, or formulas for public worships. (Der.—Gk. *leitourgia*, a public service, or worship, from *leitos* belonging to the people, *laos* or *leos*, the people, and the root *ergon* to work.)

47. **You**—has here its indefinite use = *one*

48. **The river**—Wharf,

Scan.—Is the | river | murmuring | near.

49. **Soft**—Adjective used here poetically as an interjection, to arrest the attention of the reader. It is not an adverb modifying "comes" in line 55.

50. The third foot —through the op | is an anapest

51 Metre as in line 33

55 Observe the alternate rime, metrical variety and poetic beauty of this and the next three lines, and the gradual shortening of the verse in lines 56, 57 and 58, to introduce the Doe

57. Trochaic trimeter hypermetrical. Cp Theocritus XV, 125 and Vergil's *somno mollior herba*=grass softer than sleep

58. Tambic trimeter.

**Doe**—the female of the fallow-deer, the male being called a *buck*. In the language of the chase in England, the male, female, and young of the fallow-deer are called respectively, *buck*, *doe*, and *fawn*, and of the red deer, *hart* or *stag*, *hind*, and *calf*.

60 The smiles of the lily, the moon and the ship are very happily chosen the sailing of the ship brings home to us how the Doe “comes gliding in serene and slow.”

63. **gentle**—calm and lovely

65 **a glittering ship**—The repetition of *ship* is in Wordsworth's style Cp lines 22 and 23 “a voice of power, that ancient voice”

This Rhetorical Figure is called *Repetition* or *Anadiplosis*.

69 **Tend your holy cares**—attend to your religious duties.

70. **Ye multitude**—‘Thou multitude’ would be more usual, as *multitude* is a collective noun, the individuals composing which are looked upon as one mass, and spoken of as a single object, but *ye* is introduced here to balance the Apostrophe of the *dead* and the *living* in the previous lines

75. **of forest bowers**—from the *shady recesses* of the forest.

76 Supply or before *from*. There should be the same punctuation at the end of lines 75 and 76, as they are co-ordinate

**bowers**—here used in its early English meaning of *chambers*, or *lodging rooms, recesses* (but not *shady recesses*.)

Cp. “She led him up into a godly bower” (*i.e.*, a *godly chamber*)

SPENSER

But perhaps the word is here a misprint for *bowels*, as the phrase “the bowels of the earth” is very often used to denote the *interior* of the earth

78. **a pledge of grace**—a token of divine favour

He watched the Doe to see whether it was of Earth, or was a wicked, or a good spirit.

79 Mark the sudden transition to the trochaic measure—

Paraphrase—“See how alternate light and shade, filling the mind with pleasant thoughts, fall upon her, as she roams around the ruined abbey”

82 **desolate**—not ‘untenanted’ as it was full of people at the time; but *neglected* or *in ruins*.

85 **enamoured**—The sunlight is represented as *in love with*, or smitten with the beauty of the White Doe.

[Der.—Fr. *en*, Lat. *in*, in; and Fr. *amour*, Lat. *amor*, love.]

91. **partakes**—**makes**—*i.e.*, is brightened by the light of her presence

93 **High-ribbed vault** and **cell** are nominatives in apposition to, and explanatory of, *gloomy nook*. Supply *some* before *high-ribbed*.

**High-ribbed**—**stone**—an arched or subterranean apartment built of stone, the groin ribs, or roof ribs of which rise high above the floor.

**cell**—(Lat *cella*, akin to *celare* to hide conceal) a small close apartment in a monastery, set apart for the use of a monk

94. **cunning**—skill, *not* deceit.

as well—also. The cell was also made of stone, and overspread with ivy and elder.

95 **spread**—Hendiadys for “the spreading bushy head of the elder tree” or “the spreading elder.”

97. **jealous**—The cell is represented as suspicious of some design to deprive it of the darkness and ‘gloom’ which it prizes so greatly.

98. **living**—shining, ‘that prevents the starlight from entering.’

108 The poet next goes on to ask what is the reason of the Doe’s coming to the abbey, and to recount the answers which superstition assigns, that the Doe is the spirit of the Lady Ailzæ, or else a gracious Fairy. (100-329)

109 **with a votary’s task**—*e.* to carry out some duty in consequence of a self-imposed vow

112 **quire**—the part of a church where the service is sung [Der.—O E *quesi*, *queire*, *quær*, Fr *choeur*, Lat *chorus*, Gk *choros*.]

114 **for**—in lines 114 and 116 depends upon *grieved* in line 112.

119. **the gentler work**—of Nature is her concealment of the ruins by the growth of ivy, saplings, wild shrubs and weeds. Hence Nature is “busy with a hand of healing,” a hand that heals, as it were the wounds of the Priory.

124 **the cross was rent**—When the monasteries were dissolved they were stripped of every ornament, and so the crosses, or figures of the crucifixion of Christ—many of which were very precious, were borne away, and melted down or sold to bring in money to the Royal Treasury.

**rent**—p p of rend, =torn

129 **shield—humbly**—The antithesis between of *pride* and *humbly* is very pointed. The shield, the honoured, armorial bearings of which he took a pride in keeping unsullied during his life, now that he is dead, lies low by his side. Warrior and shield are pourtrayed in stone, on a slab over the grave

130. **prest**—an unusual form for *possessed*.

133 This line is weak and prosaic. Paraphrase of 132.3 :—“This Doe is an ordinary animal, and there is nothing praeternatural about her, if we may judge by her heedless way of passing the carved warrior.”

134 **care**—anxiety about the ‘boon’ she was “to ask.” See line 109.

135. **service**—the ‘rite’ she was ‘to perform.’ See line 109.

**spares**—supply *time* after spares. “She does not pause to lower her head, and crop the dewy greenward, covered with flowers.”

140 **fares**—(A. S *faran*, Germ. *fahren*) goes.

143. The diction, the simile, and the alliteration in this line have an exquisite effect.

148. Metre—Iambic tetrameter hypermetrical—first time used in the poem. The day | is plac | id in | its go | ing.

149 Trochaic trimeter hypermetrical.

157. **awful cheer**—astonishing enthusiasm.

161. **several**—separate.

164. “ . . . little children by the hand  
Upon their leading mothers hung.”

The mothers were leading the way from the church to the Doe, and the little children were playfully hanging on to their mothers, so as to be drawn after them.

166 **mute obeisance**—silent respect. Observe the new variety in the rhyme of the quatrain beginning with this line—the first line rhyming with the fourth, and the second with the third.

168. The Doe is represented as going to *her* religious service, on the sabbath, just as the others went to theirs.

173 **respect of pride**—“As if for some reason which was the outcome of pride . . . or melancholy . . . or guilt”

175 **still shy of**—“Ever retiring from fellowship of man.” Cp. —

“Dream after dream ensues;  
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,  
And still are disappointed”—

Cooper.

176 “Guilt, that humbly would express itself by lonely penance”

178 The following words are supposed to be spoken by a mother (line 184) to her child

182. **Hung back**—remained in the background, fearing to approach

186 **Rylstone**—See “Introduction to the White Doe”

191. **foul or fair**—whether the weather be good or bad.

198. **standers-by**—inversion for *by-standers*

199 **a tragic history**—The sad history of the Norton family in the Northern Rebellion under the two Earls in 1569

203 **couchant**—a French word=“lying down,” commonly used in English in the language of heraldry. In heraldry its meaning is more specific for it means “lying down with the head raised,” which distinguishes the posture of *couchant* from that of *dormant*, or sleeping. The word is the present participle of the French verb *coucher*, to lie down.

208. **spite of**—in spite of.

211. “If I am skilful enough to read correctly the expression of countenance on every face”

220. **convent-fire** and **convent bread** refer to the shelter and food supplied to the weary traveller and the beggar by the hospitable monks of the *convent*, i.e., the monastery or Priory of Bolton, before its suppression.

222. **long and distant wars**—It has been pointed out (line 17) that the events of this canto are supposed to have occurred in 1589 A.D. In the reign of Henry VIII. (1509—1547) there were long and vexatious wars with France and Scotland. The earliest of these at which ‘that bearded staff-supported Sire’ could well have been present, was the war between England and France (1512—1514), during which Henry VIII. besieged and captured TEROUENNE, and won “the Battle of Spurs” at GUINEGATE.

In 1514 A.D. James IV, King of Scotland, acting in concert with France invaded England, and was defeated and slain at FLODDEN FIELD. War with Scotland broke out again in 1542, and the Scotch army was routed on SOLWAY MOSS.

In 1544 Henry VIII. again invaded France and captured BOLOGNE.

In 1547 under Edward VI. (1547—1553) there was another Scotch war, and the Scots were heavily defeated at PINKIE.

During Queen Mary's reign (1553—1558) war was declared against France in 1557, and the English and Spaniards defeated the French at ST QUENTIN, and next year CALAIS was taken from England by duke of Guise

During Elizabeth's reign (1558—1603) there were no 'long' or "distant wars" up till 1585, when military aid under the Earl of Leicester was sent to the Netherlands; and 'the staff-supported Sire' who in 1589, the year in which the events of this chapter are laid, was "studious to expound the spectacle" of the Doe, would be too aged to accompany this expedition

225 **dim antiquity**—The time meant is the reign of Henry I, (1100—1135)

226 **Lady Aaliza**—The Lady Alice de Rumell, through whom the monks of Skipton, in Yorkshire,—where a monastery was first founded for them in 1120,—were transferred to the bank of the Wharf in the year 1151 A D. Aaliza is the old form of Alice, Lat *Alicia*. See notes to lines 1 and 16

227 **Her Son**—young Romilly. The student should read Wordsworth's poem about him, called "The Force of Prayer, or the Founding of Bolton Priory" 'A Tradition'

229 **drowned**—The following extract from Wordsworth's poem, "The Force of Prayer" gives a graphic description of the fatal accident

" The pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
How tempting to *bestride*!  
For loitly Wharf is there pent in  
With rocks on either side  
  
This *striding*-place is called THE STRID,  
A name which it took of yore  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more.  
  
And hither is young Romilly come,  
And what may now forbid  
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
Shall bound across THE STRID?  
  
He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?—  
But the grey hound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.  
  
The boy is in the arms of Wharf  
And strangled by a merciless force  
For never more was young Romilly seen  
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

**Egremound**—another form of *Egremont*, the name of a town and district in Cumberland, a few miles from the coast, and about 10 miles S-E. of Whitehaven

The following is Whitaker's account —

" In the year 1121 William de Meschines and Cecilia his wife founded at Embsay a priory for Canons Regular which was dedicated to St Mary and St Cuthbert, and continued there about 33 years, when it is said by tradition to have been translated to Bolton on the following account

The founders of Embsay were now dead, and had left a daughter, who

adopted her mother's name Romille and was married to William Fitz-Duncan. They had issue, a son commonly called *The Boy of Egremont* (*one of his grandfather's baronies where he was probably born*) who, surviving an older brother, became the last hope of the family. In the deep solitude of the woods betwixt Bolton and Barden, the Wharf suddenly contracts itself to a rocky channel little more than four feet wide, and pours through the tremendous fissure with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. This place was then, as it is yet called the *Strid*, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who *strid* from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction which awaits a faltering step. Such according to tradition, was the fate of young Romilly, for when he was inconsiderately bounding over the chasm with a greyhound in his leash, the animal hung back and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent.

The forester who accompanied Romilly and beheld his fate, returned to the Lady Ailiza and with despair in his countenance, inquired, "What is good for a bootless bene?" To which the mother, apprehending that some great calamity had befallen her son, instantly replied, "Endless sorrow."

The language of this question, almost unintelligible at present, proves the antiquity of the story, which nearly amounts to proving its truth. But "bootless bene" is "unavailing prayer," and the meaning, though imperfectly expressed seems to have been "What remains when prayer is useless?"

This misfortune is said to have occasioned the translation of the priory from Embsay to Bolton, which was the nearest eligible site to the place where it happened." See also notes on lines 1 and 16.

235 *laid low*—*Laid* is the p. p. attached to 'Priory,' which is called "the Lady's wark."

236. Observe the transition and the rapid flow of the metes which hurry, as it were, to explain the mystery of the Doe

The metre of this line anapaestic, with the fourth foot an iambus

237. Thus and the next line consist each of four anapests

238. This and the two following lines begin with an iambus, followed by three anapests

242 Paraphrase.—"If any one passes by the door of yonder chantry, and looks down through the shink in the broken floor, he will see a hideous sight"

**Chantry**—A *chantry* is an endowed chapel, where one or more priests daily *sing* or say Mass, for the souls of the donors, or for such as they appoint. [Der.—Fr *chanterie* from *chanter*, Lat *cantare* to sing.]

"At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church is a chantry belonging to Bettunesly Hall, (and a vault where, according to tradition, the Claphams, who inherited this estate by the female line from the Mauleverers, were interred upright.) Dr Whitaker.

244 *griesly*—O. E. = *gristly*, frightful. [Der.—A. S *gryslic* = terrible, Germ. *grislich* = to shudder] But "grizzly" = of a greyish colour

247 The Claphams and Mauleverers—two ancient Yorkshire families—the former of Saxon origin, the *de* of nobility being given them by William the Conqueror, while the latter were of Norman origin and came to England with the Conqueror

249. **John de Clapham**—"Who dragged Earl Pembroko from Banbury Church

And smote off his head on the stones of the porch"

was an ardent supporter of the Red Rose of the House of Lancaster in the 'Wars of the Roses.'

**that fierce Esquire**—His ferocity is shown by the deed mentioned in the text. The term *Esquire* has means little more than *Warrior*. More strictly it denotes the *shield-bearer or armourer-bearer who attended on a Knight in battle in the feudal times*. Der—O Fr *Esquier*, *Esquier*, a title obtained by a noble youth at the age of 14, which gave him the privilege of wearing a sword, Norman—Fr *Ecuyer*, shield-bearer, the squire of a Knight, from O. Fr *escu*, F1 *écu*, Lat *scutum*—a shield. But the word has now passed into a title in England, and is given to the younger sons of the nobility, to officers of the Queen's Court and household, to counsellors of law, justices of the peace, sheriffs, gentlemen who hold commissions in the army and navy, and graduates of the universities not in holy orders.

By courtesy it is given to attorneys, solicitors, merchants, surgeons, bankers, the landed gentry, and gentlemen living in independence.

In the United States, the title is given to public officers of all degrees, and has become a general title of respect in addressing letters.

251 **The ruthless wars of the White and Red** raged in England from 1455 to 1471, but were really ended by the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485. This fanciful name was given to these wars because the emblem of the Lancastrians was a *Red*, and of the Yorkists a *White*, Rose. The reigning King Henry VI was of the House of Lancaster, of which Henry IV became the first King when he deposed Richard II (1399). But Henry VI was a feeble and unwarlike monarch, and when he grew insane the Duke of York was made Protector, and on his recovery, removed. An heir was born to King Henry and his queen was resolutely determined that Henry should retain the crown, and that the succession should vest in his young son. This drove the Yorkists into revolt and they defeated the Lancastrians at St Albans (May 22, 1455) when the King fell into the hands of the Yorkists. Henry's illness was renewed and the Duke of York made Protector a second time, with such powers as to give the Protectorate a revolutionary character. In 1456 the King recovered, and the Protector, was removed and in 1459 the Civil War was renewed and continued with great bitterness to the end.

The following is a brief synopsis of the battles —

Date.	Place.	Result
1459, Sep. 23..	Bloreheath	Yorkists under Lord Salisbury defeated Lancastrians under Lord Audley
1460, July 10 .	Northampton	Yorkists under Earl of Warwick defeated Lancastrians under Duke of Buckingham.
,, Dec 31	Wakefield Green	Duke of York defeated and slain by the Queen's forces.
1461, Feb. 2 .	Mortimer's Cross	Edward, (Duke of York's son) defeated Lancastrians under Earl of Pembroke
,, Feb. 17	St. Albans	The Queen defeated the Yorkists under Earl of Warwick

Edward marched on London, and was acknowledged King as Edward IV.

Date.	Place.	Result.
1461, March 20.	Towton . . .	Edward defeated Lancastrians under Duke of Somerset Total loss 38,000.
1464, April 25 . . . " May 15 . . .	Hedgley Moor . . . Hexham . . .	Lancastrians defeated
1469, July 26 . . .	Edgecote, near Banbury . . .	Lancastrian victory
1470, March 12 . . .	Stamford . . .	Lancastrian defeat
		Warwick and Clarence invaded England and proclaimed Henry VI again. Edward IV escaped to Flanders
1471	Return of Edward, who was joined again by his brother Clarence	
1471, April 14	Barnet . . .	Edward defeated Lancastrians under Warwick "The King-Maker," who was slain in the battle.
" May 4	Tewkesbury . . .	Edward defeated Lancastrians under Queen Margaret
		Triumph of the White Rose
1485, Aug 22	Boaworth . . .	Henry, Earl of Richmond, defeated and slew Richard III brother of Edward IV, and ascended the throne as Henry VII
		Final triumph of the Red Rose

252. **Earl Pembroke**—Herbert, who on defeating the last remnants of the Lancastrians in Wales, received the title of Earl of Pembroke. In the preceding synopsis mention is made of the battle of *Edgecote* near *Banbury*. "A quarrel arising under Edward IV about some Church dues, the men of the Northern counties rose under a popular leader, Robert Hilyard, commonly called Robin of Redesdale. The insurgents soon found nobler leaders—Lords Latimer and Fitz-Hugh, relations of Warwick, and Sir John Conyers appeared at their head and with 60,000 men marched southward, declaring that Warwick alone [who was then in exile with Clarence, brother of Edward IV, and Queen Margaret wife of Henry VI] could save the country, complaining that the money wrung from the people was squandered upon the Queen's relatives [i.e. the Woodvilles, relatives of Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV.], and demanding the dismissal of the new counsellors such as Herbert, Stafford and Andley Herbert, now Earl of Pembroke, and Stafford who had been made Earl of Devonshire, advanced against the rebels; but quarrelling between themselves they were defeated and Pembroke beheaded" Bright's *Hist. of England*, Vol I, p 332. It is sometimes called the battle of *Danesmore*. Both *Danesmore* and *Edgecote* are near *Banbury*.

**Banbury Church**—When the Yorkists were defeated, the Earl of Pembroke fled for protection to the church in the neighbouring town of *Banbury*: but the "fierce Esquire" when his party were victorious, showed no respect for the rights of sanctuary, dragged the Earl out, and slew him in the porch. He was not however sacrilegious enough to slay him in the Church. *Banbury* is a small town in the north of Oxfordshire, on the right bank of the *Cherwell*, 23 miles North of Oxford.

256. "Looking down curiously through the dark hole in the floor"  
 259. **Page**—Der—Fr *page*, Gk *pайдion* a little boy  
 260 **frontlet**—a band worn on the forehead  
 265 **Oxfrod**—i.e. the University of Oxford.  
 266. **conceit**—fancy, opinion

268. **The Shepherd-Lord**—In connection with this interesting character, to whom the whole of this stanza is devoted, the student should read Wordsworth's poem entitled —

"Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle upon the  
 Restoration of Lord Clifford the shepherd to the Estates and  
 Honours of his Ancestors."

The Shepherd-Lord was Henry Lord Clifford, son of John Lord Clifford who was slain at the Battle of Towton. See note on line 251. "At the battle of Wakefield green, Henry's father slew the young Earl of Rutland, Son of the Duke of York who had fallen in the battle. Besides this act, the Clifford family had done enough to draw down on them the hatred of the House of York and after the battle of Towton, in which *The Shepherd-Lord's* father was slain, there was no hope for them but in flight or concealment. The conquering Yorkists kept young Lord Henry out of his estate and honours for 24 years. During all this time he lived as a *shepherd* in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland where the estate of his father-in-law, Sir Lancelot Threkeld, lay. He was at once restored to his estates and honours, when the Red Rose of Lancaster finally triumphed at Bosworth Field, and Henry VII became King. When called to Parliament he behaved nobly and wisely, but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court, and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles" *BURNS and NICHOLSON's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland*

"On being restored to his estates he retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge and found a retreat favourable alike to taste, instruction, and devotion. He dwelt mostly at Barden and the narrow limits of his residence shew that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of 90, a servant himself. Here he purchased such scientific apparatus as could be procured in those days, and with the aid of the monks of Bolton devoted himself to astronomy, alchemy and what was then known of science. In these peaceful pursuits he passed the whole reign of Henry VII, and the first years of Henry VIII"

But in 1513, when he was almost 60 years of age, he was appointed to a principal command over the Army which fought at Flodden and proved that he inherited the military genius of his family

He survived the Battle of Flodden Field ten years, and died April 23rd, 1523, aged about 70." *Dr WHITAKER's History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven.*

279 **Craven** is the name of a Deanery in Yorkshire, extending 30 miles southward from the sources of the Ribble and Wharfe, and the interval between those rivers includes the first 20 miles in the course of the Aire. The best known places in it are Skipton, Ilkley, Keighley, and Bingley.

**Cumbria**—Cumberland, where he was in concealment.

280. **fear**—of the Yorkist party

**Flodden-field** is in Northumberland on the borders of Scotland between the Cheviot Hills and the river Till. Here a desperately contested battle was fought on Sep 9, 1513 A D, between the Scottish Army under James IV and the English under the Earl of Surrey. The English forces amounted to 32,000, and the Scottish to 30,000 men. "Scarcely a Scottish family of eminence" says Scott, "but had an ancestor killed at Flodden." Besides the King of Scotland, the Archbishop of St Andrew's and 12 Earls were among the slain. The Scottish loss was between 8,000 and 10,000, and the English loss amounted to 6,000 or 7,000, but Surrey's victory was so near a defeat, that he was unable to prosecute the war with any vigour.

287 **Scotland's King**—See note on 284

290 "This Clifford"—Henry, Lord Clifford, the Shepherd-Lord

300 **did pry For other lore**—"They were practising alchemy, an ancient science which aimed at transmuting metals into gold, at finding the panacea or universal remedy, &c. It is probably derived from the Arabic *al kīmīa* (the secret art)—not only because it was carried on in secret, but because its main objects were the two great secrets of science—the transmutation of the base metals into gold, and the elixir of life. It led the way to modern chemistry. These ancient alchemists thought there was a substance that could convert all metals into gold and they called this unknown substance, "The Philosopher's stone." Many of them spent their lives in chemical experiments with a view to its discovery. In searching for this treasure some of them stumbled upon other inventions, e.g. Bötticher on the invention of Dresden porcelain manufacture, Roger Bacon on the composition of gunpowder, Geber on the properties of acids, Van Helmont on the nature of gas, and Dr Glauber on the "Salts" which bear his name.

301 **keen desire**—of discovering the 'Philosopher's stone'

302 **chemic**—short for *alchemic* by dropping the Arabic article *al*—the

303 'Probably in search of the mysterious substance that can change ordinary metals into gold and precious stones'

307. 'There is no peace for the monks, living or dead'

311 **heap**—the *grave* mentioned in line 141.

312. **other thoughts** such as that the Doe is the spirit of the Lady Aéhza, or of somebody wronged by John de Chaplam; or is a Fairy

317. **recollections** of the fate of the Norton family.

324. The poet here addresses his *Harp* or his *Muse* after the manner of the early poets of Greece and Rome, and of the English Romantic School. The Apostrophe of the Harp forms a fit conclusion to what is only introductory matter to the real story, or "tale of tears" i.e. the tragic fate of the Nortons. See note on Canto VII., line 3.

## CANTO SECOND.

3. **A solitary maid**—The shortness and the form of this line is intended to bring home to the reader the connection of ideas between it and line 58 Canto I.

5. **sylvan Friend**—her woodland companion i.e. the Doe.

9 **hopeless**—Transferred Epithet. "The maid had no hope on earth."

11 **foreboding thought**—presentiments of future disaster

12 **Vermeil**, vermilion, bright red (Der—Low Lat *vermolum*, Lat *vermiculus* dimm of *vermis*, a worm so named from the cochineal insect)

21. **dear**—precious, because they were the *price* paid for the world's redemption

22. **uplifted** in rebellion

24 **England's Queen**—*Elizabeth*. She began to reign on November 17, 1558. The Earl of Northumberland was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight November 14, 1569, that a party of his enemies were come to seize his person. The Earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire, when hastily rising out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland at Brancepeth where the country came in to them and pressed them to take up arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled and to prevent the destruction of the old nobility. They were under arms on November 17, and advancing upon Durham, seized the city, and caused the Mass to be said there once more. This is the last time that Mass has been celebrated in the noble Cathedral of Durham. Thus it is clear that *England's Queen* had only reigned exactly *eleven years* at the time of the insurrection, and not *twelve* as Wordsworth says.

28 **the inly-working North**—*The North*, in which disaffection towards the new Protestant religion established by Elizabeth had been *working in secret*

29 **its thousands**—See note on Canto III, line 125

30. **potent vassalage**—a powerful body of armed retainers

31. **Percy**—THOMAS PERCY, the seventh Earl of Northumberland. This Percy and his friend Westmoreland are understood to be the *Blandamour* and *Pandol* of SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*. The former, evidently alluding to his famous ancestor, Spencer designates as "the hotspur youth," and delineates as

"a jolly youthful knight  
That bore great sway in arms and chivalry."

When the rebel force broke up, the two Earls made their escape to Scotland. There Percy took refuge with one of the Border Chieftains, Hector Armstrong of Harlow, a man who had been under great obligations to him. After keeping him for two or three weeks however Armstrong consented to give him up to the Regent Murray for a sum of money. Murray consigned the Earl to the castle of Lochleven in Kinrossshire, and there he was shut up for between two and three years. In July 1572, he was for a large sum delivered up to Lord Hunsdon, the Governor of Berwick, by the Earl of Morton. Northumberland, who had been attainted and outlawed on the suppression of his rebellion, was immediately sent forward to York, by Lord Hunsdon and there on August 22, 1572 was beheaded.

**Percy** is the family surname of the Earls of Northumberland. The Percies were a noble Norman family who accompanied the Conqueror to England and whose head, William de Percy, obtained from his Sovereign large grants of land in the North of England. The head of this family under Edward III, was a distinguished military commander, and acting as Marshal of England at the coronation of Richard II, was by him created the first Earl of Northumberland. *Duke of Northumberland* has been the title of the head of the Percy family since the Earldom was raised to a Duchy in 1766 A.D., by the third George. The present Duke is Algernon

George Percy, K G who was born in 1810, and succeeded to the title in 1867 Popular fancy in the North of England had no difficulty in finding an origin for the name *Percy*. The Great Scottish King, Malcolm Canmore, was slain in an attack on the Castle of Alnwick in Northumberland, in the latter part of the 11th century. This is true. But Alnwick Castle is a castle of the Percies. This then, argued they, is what must have happened. The royal Scot was thrust through the eye by the spear of the Lord of the Castle, who therefore received the name of *Pierced Eye*. This account, which has been adopted by some grave historians, is perfectly conformable to what were till lately the established canons of etymology. By these canons any name or word was satisfactorily analysed and explained by much the same kind of process as that by which Dean Swift resolved *Aleksander the Great* into *All eggs under, the crate*. As a matter of fact, the Percies had nothing to do with the Castle of Alnwick till some centuries after the date of its siege, and indeed Percy had ceased to be the true family name before they got any establishment at all in Northumberland, while on the other hand, they had borne that name long before the days of Malcolm Canmore. The real origin of the name is this. The Danish chieftain, or pirate Malmfied had made his name a terror to France before the invasion of Rollo in 886 A.D. which ended in the acquisition of Normandy. Geoffrey, Malmfied's son, accompanied Rollo and became Lord of the town of *Percy*, or more properly *Persy*, in Lower Normandy, and his descendants ever afterwards retained the local title of *De Percy* or *Percy*.

**Neville** was the family surname of the Earls of Westmoreland. The first Earl was Ralph Neville a G one of the most eminent noblemen of his time. He was Earl-Marshal of England, Lord Warden of the Scotch Marches, and was created Earl of Westmoreland in 1398 by Richard II.

CHARLES NEVILLE, the sixth and last Neville who was an Earl of Westmoreland, is the Earl referred to in the text. He rebelled in 1569, made good his escape to Scotland, and invaded England again in 1570, but failing to stir up the people, spent the rest of his life in exile, and the title passed away from the Nevilles. Another family, the Fanes, was raised to the title by James I in 1624. The present Earl, Francis William Henry Fane, C B, was born in 1825 and succeeded in 1859. The Nevilles Lords Abergavenny, the present head of whom is William Neville, K G, Marquis of Abergavenny, are of the family of the old Earls of Westmoreland.

35 "Religious worship according to the Catholic ceremonial"

39 **The blameless Lady**—Emily Norton, the "solitary Maid"  
Cant 11 l. 3

**express**—rare for *expressed*, here="embroidered"

42. **The Call**—to arms

43 **Eylstone-hall**—See Introduction

44 **It**—the Call.

45. For Francis Norton's address Cp "The Ballad of The Rising in the North" Stanzas 21 and 23

51-2 "It would be inhuman to disturb the general peace by plunging the nation in Civil war."

56. **clasp your knees**—Metaphor for "entreat you to remain at home"

64 **dying fall**—The heart of Francis was so melted with pity for the sad fate that might overtake his only sister in this perilous crisis that he could only pronounce her name with a *dying fall* i.e., with a low subdued tone of voice, rendered almost inarticulate by grief.

**fall** is used to denote a cadence in music, or the human voice Cp

‘That strain again ! it had a *dying fall*’  
SHAK.—*Twelfth Night*, I, 1

“The strains decay  
And melt away  
In a *dying, dying fall*”  
POPE.—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, 19—21

“Still at every *dying fall*  
Takes up again her lamentable strain”  
THOMSON's (*description of the Nightingale*,) *Spring*, 722

69 **Staff**—of the Banner

71 **Ensign**—(Lat *insigne*) the Banner

82 **horsed and harnessed**—mounted on horseback, and equipped with arms

85 **dreary weight** of sorrow

90 **postern-gate**—Lat *post*, behind A gate at the back of the house

101. **trance**—[Fr *trance* flight, Lat *transitus*, a passage] A state in which the soul seems to have passed out of the body into another state of being, or to be rapt in a vision

104 **prayer**—entreaty to his father

112 **Her head upon her lap**—Nom Absolute

128 **solemn word**—a solemn promise

129 **Noble Percy**—See note on line 31 of this Canto

**a force still stronger**—religious zeal induces him to join the insurrection

132 “As over the grave of one who is innocent,” i.e., the promise to Earl Percy and the cause of religion exonerate my father from the guilt of taking up arms

141 Of the sons who accompanied Richard Norton to the field, only Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly mentioned by Camden. The Christopher Norton referred to in this line, and his uncle Thomas Norton, who is not mentioned in the poem, were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn on May 27, 1570, on the charge of high treason for having taken part in the Northern rebellion. After their execution they were carried to Newgate “where they were parboiled, and afterwards their heads were set on London Bridge, and their quarters set upon sundry gates of the city of London for an example to all Traitors and Rebels, for committing High Treason against God and their prince.” The other members of the Norton family, with Richard its head, escaped to Scotland and France, but in the Bill of Attainder which was brought in against the chief rebels, Richard's estates were confiscated to the Crown, and thus they remained till 1604 A.D., when they were made over to Francis Earl of Cumberland. See MORGAN's *Phœnix Britannicus*, HOWELL's *State Trials* I, 1083, London 1816, and SHARP's *Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569*,—London 1840

143 **fearless mail** is an instance of *Transferred Epithet*. M clothed in his suit of mail, was fearless

161. “Thou, whose bitter sorrows are known only to heaven”

162 **sigh, tear and smiles** are Nominaives in apposition to *pangs*.

165 **unhallowed**—because François believed they would follow the Banner, only to be defeated, and so lead to the ruin of the family

166 **a loving old Man**—their father, Richard

169 “Duty demands of me that I should perform one task more, although it is far easier than your task has been”

172 **such cause**—i.e., the restoration of the old religion

173 **forswear**—renounce, repudiate

175 **naked**—defenceless

176 “I will be near them in victory or defeat”

177 **Kind occasions**—Occasions on which I may be able to do kindly acts

179 Wordsworth in his note on this line says—See the old ballad—“The Rising in the North” The line does not occur in the version of the ballad given at the beginning of these notes. There were two old MS copies of the ballad, containing considerable variations and line 179 occurs word for word in one of these copies. Out of these two copies, such readings were chosen, in the ballad here printed, as seemed most poetical and consonant to history

187 **Such innocence, Such consolation**—as “the sense of trial past without offence to God or man” must needs bring to your soul

192 **Knell**—the funeral-bell.

198-201 Paraphrase —“It is right that I should tell you what I think before we part, and you should regard my doing so as a kindness and a consolation in the mudst of the black ruin that surrounds us

203. “Do not allow yourself to be deluded by false hopes”

205 “For the success of the Royal army, or of the insurgents”

209 **Fortitude without reprieve**—unremitting bravery “You must not even once yield to grief”

220. The Doe is artfully introduced here to keep up the central idea of the poem, which is the sympathetic connection between Emily and the Doe. This is the earliest though not the *first* mention of the Doe in this poem, for the events described in the preceding Canto are supposed to have taken place about 20 years after the occurrences in the present Canto. See note on Canto I, 17

231. “The sole survivor of our family.”

232 Both Emily and François had already conformed to the new religion, although its progress was stubbornly resisted in the North for a long time after this. François considered Protestantism “a purer faith” than the old one

235. It consoled François to reflect that his sister often outstripped himself in her zeal for the new religion.

238 “If we have arrived at the same results from our reading.”

247 This passage, ll 247—251, forms what Wordsworth elsewhere calls the *consecration* of Emily. See Introduction.

250-3 Apparently a sort of earthly *Nirvâna*, where her spirit would rest in quietude, undisturbed by *Samsâra*, the turmoil and variety of the world around her, or by the painful thought of the miseries she was destined to undergo

255 She was, as it were, consecrated or set apart for the service of God, by her brother's solemn adjuration

257 He went after his father's armed retainers

### CANTO III

1 **You**—The warders on the ramparts of Brancepeth Castle

2 **Brancepeth** is the name of a celebrated castle on the summit of a hill, a few miles S West of the city of Durham. It commands an excellent view of the whole of the surrounding country, and therefore being strong for military purposes, was deemed a suitable place for raising the standard of revolt. No troops could advance from the North without being seen on their way across an opposite hill now crowned by St Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. To the N. East lay Durham, but slenderly garrisoned, and in full view. Forces from the South could be seen from Brancepeth, as they would have to pass up the valley of the Wear. This was the only quarter from which any real danger was to be apprehended, because the Earl of Sussex, Elizabeth's general in the North was quartered in York. But his forces were so few that he was too weak to take the field against the insurgents, and he frankly wrote to Elizabeth that "there were not ten gentlemen in Yorkshire that did allow [=approve of] her proceedings in the cause of religion"

There is a local tradition, which I have often heard in that neighbourhood, that *Brancepeth* is a popular corruption of *Brown's Path*, because it was once the path or haunt of a ferocious wild boar. *Brown* is used for a wild boar in BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER's *Plays*. The identical boar to which tradition assigns the origin of the name, is said to have been slain by one of the Nevilles, Earls of Northumberland, and is still pointed out in the hall of Brancepeth Castle

The Castle now belongs to Gustavus R. Hamilton-Russell, Viscount Boyne of the Irish, and Baron Brancepeth of the English, peerage. He was born in 1830, and succeeded in 1872

**tell—count** Cp

"And every shepherd *tells his tale*  
Under the hawthorn in the dale"

MILTON

Here *tells his tale*=counts the number of his sheep

4. **Masters**—the two Earls.

5. **Norton**—Richard Norton, with his military following

7 **Pronounced the word**—reported the news

9 **Down the banks of Were**—i.e. Northwards with the course of the river

Nowadays the name is always spelt *Wear*. This river rising in the Pennine range in the extreme N W of county Durham, flows in a S Easterly direction as far as Bishop Auckland, and then turning due North goes through the city of Durham and empties itself into the North Sea at Sunderland

10 **the pair**—the two Earls

14 **hill and dale**—‘We have received fresh contingents of followers from every hill and valley on our way’

15 **Ure** is a river in the N.W. of Yorkshire. It rises in the Pennine Range and flowing past Masham and Ripon, unites with the Swale to form the river Ouse

15 **Swale** is a river in the N.W. of Yorkshire. It likewise rises in the Pennine range, and flows eastwards as far as Richmond, when it takes a sharp turn to the South, and finally unites with the Ure, to form the Ouse. It flows to the East of the Ure before their junction

16 **horse and harness**—Hendadys for ‘harnessed horse,’ i.e., harnessed or armed horsemen (*Horse for horsemen* by Metonymy)

17 **best part**—idiomatical for “the greater part,” “the majority”

**Yeomanry**—body of free-holders (Yeoman is perhaps from O Fris *gaman*, a villager, from *ga*=a village, and *man*=man)

20 **Which way soe'er**—Tmesis for “whichever way” “Whether we win, or lose”

24 **Love's mildest birth** The gentlest offspring of an affectionate union, ever born

28 **I had**—“another son, Francis,” he was going to say, but suddenly checks himself. This figure is called *apostrophe*. He does not like to mention Francis, because he regards his conduct as discreditable

29 **flocking in**—are gathering in like flocks of sheep. Implied Metaphor

33 **swarms**—strictly applied to collections of bees, but used here of men

34 **homely gear**—plain equipments. *Gear* is from A. S. *gear*=ready, *gearwe*=preparation, dress

36 **grave gentry**—gentlemen of weight (grave, Lat *gravis*, weighty) and position, who had much to lose, and would not therefore rush lightly into a rash undertaking

**of estate and name**—who owned large possessions and were well-known

37 **Captains**—Not used here literally but in a general way for “military commanders” [Der.—M. Eng. *captain*, Low Lat *capitanus*, *capitanus*, a leader of soldiers, Lat *caput*, head.]

**worth in arms**—military excellence, or capacity

39 **to rise**—to rise in arms, to rebel

**prove their innocence**—These words must not be taken literally. To rebel against one's sovereign is rather a peculiar way of proving one's innocence. The charge against the two great Northern Earls was that they desired to bring about a marriage between Mary, Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the English nobility. This charge was as true against the most considerable of the English nobility as it was against the two Earls, for the proposed match promised a safe conclusion to the troubles then existing in Scotland with many advantages to the English crown but Elizabeth resentfully opposed it committed the Duke of Norfolk to the Tower, and sent for the

Northern Earls to count. If they went they knew they would be treated like the Duke of Norfolk, so they took up arms. But it was not to prove their innocence that they took up arms. On the contrary, the very fact of their taking up arms was the strongest evidence of their guilt. The object of the insurrection was not to prove the innocence of the Earls, but to restore the Catholic religion, and to fix the succession to the Crown, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility.

The words are used freely, meaning "to prove that they were in the right," as was often done in the Middle Ages in the form of ordeal known as "Wager by Battle," in which the victorious party was declared innocent.

11 **the people's right**—The people deemed themselves *wronged* by having the new religion forced upon them. Religious tolerance was the *right* they demanded with arms.

42 **The Norton**—Richard, the head of the family

43 **Northumberland**—the Earl of Northumberland

44 In the following passage Norton states the objects of the Rising

**will own no loyal rest**—Will be distracted by the merits of the rival candidates for the throne, until the succession is fixed by *law* (*loyal*, Fr. *loyal*=law)

46 **the bait, &c.**—The uncertainty of who was to be the next sovereign lured men into rival factions, each endeavouring to fix the succession as would best harmonise with its own interests.

One party wished Mary Queen of Scots to marry the Duke of Norfolk and become Queen of England on Elizabeth's death, as she had the best hereditary claim.

Another party wished Elizabeth to marry the Earl of Arran, who stood nearest to the Scottish throne after his father, the Duke of Chatelherault.

But Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester attracted the Queen's attention and won her heart, and he was villainous enough to procure the murder of his wife, the unfortunate Amy Robsart, to pave the way for this union. Cecil the Queen's adviser, prevailed on her to desist from this marriage which was unpopular with nobles and commons alike.

At another time Elizabeth was determined to marry the Duke of Anjou, heir to the French Crown, in order to put a check on Philip of Spain, but popular indignation rose suddenly into a cry against a "Popish King" which Elizabeth dared not defy. Other candidates for Elizabeth's hand were Sir Thomas Seymour, Edward Courtney, Earl of Devon, the Earl of Arundel, of whom she said that he was the only disposable peer with whom she could match, her counsellor Cecil, whose portrait she wore on her arm, Sir William Pickering, the brother of Christian III, King of Denmark, Philibert Emanuel, heir to the Dukedom of Savoy; Philip II of Spain, who had been married to her sister Mary, Charles, the Archduke of Austria, and son of the Emperor Ferdinand. Eric Vasa, son of the Great Gustavus, King of Sweden. Hans Casimir, son of the Elector Palatine; but the highest offer ever made for the hand of Elizabeth was that of Charles IX of France, whom she refused on the grounds that he was too great a match for her and would not leave his own sovereignty to share with her that of England, that he was too young he being only fifteen and she thirty, and that her marriage with a Catholic King would be unpopular in England. See "Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne," edited from the *works* at Kimbolton by the DUKE of MANCHESTER 1846. Vol I, Chap. XI.

48 **in kind**—*i.e.* by deadly hate

50. "In everything else except the question of the succession to the Crown, and the overthrow of the old nobility, in which they find common ground for action

53 "Brave Earls, who represent the Percies and the Nevilles, the noblest blood in England"

57. "More ambitious wishes"

61 The Catholic Church

62 "And must return to her in joy"

66. **precious** in a religious sense, because it contained an embroi-dered figure of the Crucifixion

67 "The figure of Him, Who died to redeem the world from sin"

69 "The Five Sacred Wounds"

71 **an ancient hearth**—The family mansion of the Nortons—Rylstone Hall

74 **the blessed Dove**—The Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

75 **brood**—watch with care

79 **plant it in the ground**

80. **The Norton**—See line 42

81 "The request which has just been made to you by those men is uttered in secret prayer to the Saints by tens of thousands of men, who long for the return of the old system"

90 "With its brilliantly wrought emblems, which filled the mind with religious awe"

92 **The transport**—the enthusiastic shout

**Were**—See line 9 note

93 **Durham** is a parliamentary and municipal borough and ancient episcopal city, near the middle of Durham County; and is nearly encircled by the river Wear

**time-honoured**—Durham arose about 995 A.D. and soon became a centre of religion and learning

94 **The towers of Cuthbert**—*i.e.* the towers of Durham Cathedral. Bishop Aldune in 995 A.D. brought St. Cuthbert's bones from Ripon to Durham and built a church to enshrine them. On the site of this Church Bishop William de Carlepho, about 1093 A.D., began the present magnificent Cathedral, which is a Romanesque structure in the form of a Latin Cross. This Cathedral contains many old monuments,—among others the tomb of The Venerable Bede. The celebrated Cardinal Wolsey was once Bishop of Durham.

In 1290 a College was founded there by the Prior and convent of Durham. It was abolished by Henry VIII. at the Dissolution of the monasteries. Another College, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, was erected early in the present century at Ushaw, about five miles from Durham. The present University of Durham was opened for students in 1833, under the provisions of an Act of Parliament, and a Royal Charter was granted in 1837 empowering the University to confer degrees.

**Saint Cuthbert** was one of the three great Saints of England in the Middle Ages—the other two being St. Edmund, and St. Thomas-a-

Becket. He was born in Ireland about 635 A.D. He entered the monastery of Melrose in 651 A.D. A little later he went to the monastery of Ripon and became Superintendent of guests. In 661 he became prior of Melrose, and a few years later went as Prior to the monastery on the Island of Lindisfarne off the coast of Northumberland. but longing for an austere life he left Lindisfarne in 676 to become an anchorite in a hut which he built with his own hands, on Farne Island. Here in 684 A.D. he was visited by Egfrid, King of Northumberland and other great men, on behalf of a synod, to entreat him to accept the bishopric of Hexham. He reluctantly complied. Shortly he exchanged the see of Hexham for that of Lindisfarne, but still longing for solitude, at the end of two years he resigned his bishopric, and returned to his hut in Farne Island, where he died on March 20th, 687 A.D.

His body remained at Lindisfarne till 875, when the monks, bearing it on their shoulders, fled inland from the fury of the Danes. After much wandering it found a resting place at Chester-le-street in Co Durham in 882. It was transferred to Ripon in 995 A.D., and was thence removed to the city of Durham in the same year. Many miracles are recorded as having been wrought by it. See HYRE's *History of St. Cuthbert* (London 1849).

96. **The Tweed** is the Northern and *the Tyne* the Southern boundary of Northumberland, of which Percy was Earl.

98. **Tees** is a river rising in the Pennine range, and forming the boundary between Durham and Yorkshire.

99. **Wore**—See note on line 9. Neville, Earl of Westmoreland owned estates in Durham and Yorkshire as well as in Westmoreland.

101. **Retainers**—holders of land from Neville, and therefore his dependents.

102. **Neville**—Who this particular Earl of Westmoreland may be is uncertain. But the words “had sate” (l 103) and “of yore” (l 104) standing in pointed contrast with “at this time” (l 105) prove conclusively that they do not refer to the Earl who rebelled in 1569; although the passage has been thus interpreted by a recent writer in the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

103. **Raby Hall**—or Raby Castle, in Raby Park, five miles N E of Barnard Castle, in the South of Co Durham. This Castle was formerly the chief residence of the great family of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and was forfeited for the Rebellion in the North by Charles, the sixth and last Earl. Then the Castle passed by purchase and grant from the Crown to Sir Henry Vane, and the Duke of Cleveland, his direct lineal descendant, is the present owner. One of the Duke's titles is Baron Raby of Raby Castle. See note on *Neville*, p 66.

104. **of yore**—“The Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, in the Middle Ages, had as many as 700 Knights, holding land from them by the system of feudal tenure, and even at this (present) time (A.D. 1569) a large number (*rich store*) of Knights followed the present Earl to battle.”

106. **well appointed**—Completely equipped with arms.

**chivalry**—Abstract for *knights* [Der.—Mid. Eng. *chiwalrie*, O F *chevalerie*=Knighthood; Fr. *cheval*, a horse—from Lat. *caballus*, a horse]

107. **Not loth**—glad. Figure—Litotes or Menosis.

**sleepy**—The Pilgrimage of Grace, in Yorkshire, (1536) and the battle of Solway Moss (1542 A.D.) were the last occasions on which the followers of the two Earls were required to use their *lances*. These

123. **Wetherby** is a town lying about the centre of Yorkshire between Otley and Tadcaster along the river Wharfe.

124. This and the previous line are put in inverted commas because Wordsworth quotes them, he says, from the old ballad. The ballad which is reproduced in this volume (See pages xi to xiv) does not contain these lines for the reason given on p. 68, in note on Canto II, l. 179. The number given in this version of the ballad is 13,000, the number given in the other is 16,000.

128. **ripe**—full grown to mature

**blooming in life's spring**—Adult, and in the prime of life Life is regarded here as divided into four seasons, of which they are in the first.

129. “**Erect and tall**” qualifies *each*, and not *lance*, but the adverbial phrase is badly placed, as *with* should govern all the nouns and adjuncts that follow.

131. **Clifford-moor** is near Wetherby in Yorkshire

140. **field**—Metonymy for the *insurgents* who were in the field—the container for the contained

141. **him**—the Sire

144. **Monumental pomp**—stately grandeur

150. **of withered state**—the majesty of which has decayed through “the weight of 70 years”

151. **to fear and venerate**—the active for the passive “to be feared and venerated”

153. “Locks of grey hair, thickly diffused, and partly hidden by a brown helmet which was as light as that worn by sportsmen”

156. “Whenever he wished to ease the strain imposed on his hands by holding the banner erect, he could at need (i.e. as necessity arose) do so, by placing the Banner-staff in the girdle around his waist.”

159. **Fageantry**—abstract=“the blazoned banner”

160. **One**—Francis Norton

161. “Who sees his father and the rebel troops, but who is unseen by any of them”

167. **light** shining from a lighthouse

171. **far-off**—adjective=“distant”

172. The prothesis *un*—is very unusual before *weaponed*, and is used here for the sake of effect.

175. **tutelary Power**—guardian angel, or deity

177. **guise** not dress, but appearance. This word is a doublet of *wise*=manner or way. M. E. *gise*, O. Fr. *guise*, way, O. H. Germ. *wis*, Germ. *wesa* way. A. S. *wise* way. The original sense was *wise-ness* or skill, “the way to do a thing”

179. **bask**—The termination *-sh* of this word is worthy of remark. The reflexive pronoun *sik* (O. Norse); *sig* (Swed and Danish); and Lat. *se*=self, coalesces with verbs in the Scandinavian dialects of the Teutonic family of languages, to form a reflexive suffix.

Two words, and only two, that exemplify this principle, still exist in English as a trace of the Danish conquest of the country. These are the verbs *bask* and *busk*—*BASK*=to bathe oneself. M. E. *baske*. *Bathes hirs*,

*to baste herself* occurs in the Nonnes Prestes Tale (446) of Chaucer. Icel *bathā sik*, to bathe oneself, and with the reflexive pronoun as a suffix Icel. *bathast* (for *bathask*) to bathe oneself. *BUISK*, Icel *būask*=to get oneself ready. Icel *būa*, to prepare, and *-sk*, put for *sik*=self

182 **nipping**—This epithet commonly given to *frost* is here transferred to the *wind* to imply that the wind was cold and frosty

183 **blest** is the adjectival, *blessed* the verbal form of this word

186. Paraphrase—“And the hope that he may know before nightfall the fate of the rebellion, is stirred within him, as he looks down upon the ‘glancing pageant’ in the plain

190. “The Northern gentlemen were at first uncertain how to act, but ultimately took arms without Norfolk’s assistance, and marched to Tutbury intending to release Mary, who had been brought thither for greater security from Bolton but before they got possession of the Scotch Queen she was removed out of their reach to Coventry (Nov 23)” BRIGHT’s *History of England Vol II*, p. 518

Their intention was to proceed next to York and secure that city, and then advance upon London, but the Earl of Northumberland brought with him only 8,000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces. The two Earls spent their large estates in hospitality, and although this made them much beloved by the people, it left them very little ready money to meet the heavy calls of an armed rebellion. It was this want of money that prevented the Earls from marching against London, and the rebellion may be said to have broken down more from want of funds than of followers

**bent**—*inclined*, destined, resolved to go. The usual word is *bound*.

191—**intent**—intention

194 **Dudley**, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick was born in 1530, and was son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. He was condemned to death with his father, but received a pardon, after which he served in the Low Countries with such reputation that the attaunday was taken off from his whole family, and in the reign of Elizabeth he was created Earl of Warwick. He died of a wound he received in the defence of Newhaven, Feb 1589. He was a brother of the Lord Robert Dudley, mentioned on p 71 as a favoured suitor for Queen Elizabeth’s hand

195 This line is very plesant, chiefly through the word *led* being so weak and expressive

203. See Ballad—“Rising in the North,” Stanza 86

205. **Tees.** See note on line 98.

207 **Lord Dacre.** The name of this family is a corruption of Fr. *D’Acre*, (=Of Acre), and is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Coeur de Lion. It is also spelt Dacres

LEONARD DACRE of Naworth Castle is alluded to in the text. “No one had been more deeply implicated in the project for the liberation of Mary than (thus) Leonard Dacres the male representative of the noble family of the Dacres of Gillsland. At the commencement of the rebellion (of the two Earls) he left the court to raise men, avowedly for the service of Elizabeth, but with the intention of joining the rebels. Their disorderly flight from Hexham to Naworth convinced him that the cause was desperate. He hung upon their rear made a number of prisoners and obtained among his neighbours the praise of distinguished loyalty. But

the Council was better acquainted with his real character, and the Earl of Sussex received orders to arrest him secretly on a charge of high treason. Hearing of this he braved his sovereign and 3,000 English borderers ranged themselves under the banner of the Dacres. They met the Royal Army under Lord Hunsdon, on Feb 22, 1570. Leonard displayed in the battle the courage of a warrior and the abilities of a leader, and though he was defeated, his opponent had not to boast of an easy or bloodless victory. He found an asylum first in Scotland, and afterwards in Flanders." LINGARD's *History of England* Vol 8, pp 60-61

**power-forces**

208 **Naworth** Castle is in the North of County Cumberland, on the banks of the Irthing a tributary of the Eden, which flows into Solway Firth.

**Howard**—Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas Duke of Norfolk. He succeeded to large domains in Cumberland, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of Lord Dacre. He was Warden of the Western Marshes, and from the vigour with which he repressed the Border excesses the name of Belded Will Howard is still famous in English North Country tradition. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, had already been sent to the Tower, and his eldest brother, the Earl of Arundel, arrested, at the point of time we have now reached in the text.

213 **him**—his son, Richard

214 "Norton, in his impatience, made his way to the Earls, in order to let them know what he thought about their vacillating conduct.

221 **mitred Thurston**—*mitred*, wearing his mitre. A *mitre* (Greek *mitra*, head-band,) is an ornament for the head worn by a Bishop, or an Archbishop, (whereas a *tiara* is worn by the Pope) on solemn occasions, and is a symbol of Episcopal authority. Thurston, was the aged Archbishop of York around whom Northern baron and freeman gathered in 1138 and advanced to Northallerton to beat back David, King of Scotland, who invaded England with a large army.

**THURSTON** was born at Bayeux in Normandy. He was son of Auger, a prebendary of Kentish Town, in the church of London, became a member of the household of William Rufus, and after his death, Chaplain and Secretary to Henry I. On the death of Archbishop Thomas in 1114, Thurston was elected to succeed him. He was consecrated by Pope Calixtus II. He presided over the Council of Northampton in 1133, and attended at the coronation of Stephen. On the occasion of the Scottish invasion, he displayed great energy, rousing the spirit of the people and assembling his forces. He sent to the field the Sacred Ensign (mentioned below) which gave the battle the name of the "Battle of the Standard". He made many reforms in his diocese, contributed powerfully to the revival of monasticism in the North, and was to a great extent the originator of the famous Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire. He joined a congregation of the monks of Cluny, at Pontefract in Yorkshire in January 1140, and died there the following month.

**Host.** 11,000 are said to have fallen on the field.

222 **Plain** of Northallerton, where the Battle of the Standard was fought. It is in the North Riding of Yorkshire about midway between Yarm on the North and Ripon on the South.

228 They passed by Northallerton on their way southwards from Durham to Wetherby where their troops were mustered, and now if they retreated to the North again before the advance of Elizabeth's troops, they would have to pass by the famous battle-field a second time.

224 **Where faith was proved**—*i.e.*, where the victory was won by prayer and their belief in the mediation of those saints whose sacred banners were borne in the battle

225 **The Standard**—“They gathered round a tall mast borne upon a carriage [*the Sacred Wain*, *i.e.* Waggon, of the text,] on which, above the Standards of the three Northern Saints, St. Peter of York, St John of Beverley, and St Wilfrid of Ripon, was displayed a silver pyx bearing the consecrated wafer.”—BRIGHT’s *History of England*, Vol. I, pp. 79 and 80

229 **ensigns three**—mentioned in the last note. But, though not mentioned here, there was a fourth banner present at the battle, and it was the most important of all in the belief of the people—the sacred banner of St Cuthbert, through whose mediation many miracles were believed to have been wrought. See note on *St Cuthbert*, pp. 72 and 73

“The sacred banners of St Cuthbert of Durham, St Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St Wilfrid of Ripon hung from a pole fixed in a four-wheeled car which stood in the centre of the host”—GREEN’s *Short History of the English People*, new edition, p. 102

230 **The infant Heir of Mowbray’s blood**—Roger de Mowbray, who at his father’s death became a ward of King Stephen. In 1138, while still a youth, he joined Thurston Archbishop of York, William Earl of Albemarle, and other northern barons, in resisting the invasion of David I, King of Scotland, and in defeating his army in the Battle of the Standard, that year. He largely endowed the Abbeys of Byland, Newburgh, Fountains, and other religious houses. His vast estates extended over the vale of Mowbray, from the confines of Westmoreland to the Isle of Axholme in Lincolnshire. He joined the Second Crusade, and performed a memorable feat of arms in vanquishing one of the Saracen leaders. In 1178 he espoused the cause of the young prince Henry, against his father Henry II, but finally submitted and was pardoned. As a baron of the realm he witnessed the award made by King Henry between the Kings of Castile and Navarre in 1177. He took part in the third Crusade and was made prisoner by Saladin, but was ransomed by the Knights Templars. Some say he died in the Holy Land, and was buried at Sareis, others, that he returned to England, and became a monk in Byland Abbey and died there. He married Alice de Gaunt, and had two sons of whom the elder, Nigel de Mowbray, succeeded to his father’s estates. The present head of this ancient and illustrious family is *Lord Mowbray, Segrave, and Stourton*, the Premier Baron of England

234 **Whose were the numbers**—“Shame on you, Westmoreland! At the battle of Neville’s cross the Scots had the advantage in point of numbers over the English, and yet they lost the battle”

235 **Neville’s Cross**—This battle was fought on October 17, 1346, between the Scots under David their King, and the English forces. “The English lines, inspired by the courageous language of their Queen [Philippa, wife of Edward III who was himself absent in France, and had just gained there the great victories of Crassey and Poictiers,] and under the joint command of the Percies and Nevilles, defeated the Scots completely at Neville’s Cross, David himself being taken prisoner.”—BRIGHT’s *History of England* Vol. I p. 228

It was called the Battle of Neville’s Cross from the following circumstance—

“On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stone work was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil’s Cross, and built at the sole

cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length,) "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, &c., &c., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to Holy St Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve, and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the special grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St Cuthbert, it brought home victory, which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean Whittingham whose wife, called Katharine, being a French woman, (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses,) did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques"—Extracted from a book entitled, "*Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the monastery.*" It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field"—WORDSWORTH's note

236 **Prior of Durham**—"In the night before the battle of Durham was stricken and begun, the 17th day of October, anno 1346, there did appear to John Fosser, then Prior of the Abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporax-cloth, wherewith St Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say Mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the *Maid's Bower* wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which Vision the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy, by the mediation of Holy St Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said Abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly, humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique) And after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots, and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies. And then the said Prior and Monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the Abbey Church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God and Holy St Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day"—WORDSWORTH's note, taken from "*Durham Cathedral as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery*"

**Kenned**—seen and known [Du. and Germ. *kennen*, A. S. *cunnan*, to know]

240 **Maiden's Bower**—See note on line 236

242 "Heaven would grant us a similar victory because we are fighting against an untrue religion"

246. "It is our desire to restore and maintain all that has been heretofore considered sacred."

248 "His zeal astonished and perplexed the Earls."

255. **dread symbols**—the image of the Five Wounds

270 The sudden change of thought, full of dismal foreboding, is well worked out in the following lines

281 **I**—Her father, who here falls into a schloqy.

288 **recrēant**—false, cowardly [Der—O F *recrēant*=fainthearted, from *re*crore to believe again, to yield. Low Lat *recrēdo*=believe again, recant, give in]

290 “ My daughter's tender mind was too frequently assailed by her mother, now dead, who taught her the doctrines of the new faith in her infancy ”

297. **border tunes**—Martial music such as used to be played on either side of the Anglo-Scottish frontier

298 **a quick retreat**—a quickly retreating host.

305 **I bear, &c.**—“ My thoughts are as indignant as yours to see the army retreating instead of advancing, and retreating with such want of discipline and order ”

312. “ Are they worthy of your risking life and fortune any further in their behalf ? ”

321. “ I desire to help you in the discovery of a place where we may all remain in concealment till this insurrection is crushed, for the victors will not spare the vanquished till they have glutted their cruel rage ”

326. “ Receive me as a sharer in your misfortunes,” in the *equipage* of here=dressed in the garb of, *equipage* being used as equivalent to *livery*.

332. A good example of Oxymoron.

333. Instead of making the father continue the address to his son the poet makes him stop abruptly, and asks why he should tell at full length how the prayer was refused. This question, in as much as no answer to it is expected, is called a Rhetorical Question

335. **yielding scope, &c.**—“ Allowing one bright moment's hope to carry him too far.”

339 **that passion** of love (line 335) for his father and brothers.

340. **prove**—test.

344. **kindlier**—more suitable.

#### CANTO FOURTH.

2 **The Moon**—Personification.

3. **Camp**—The camp around the “ beleaguered town.”

**Town**—Barnard Castle is the name of the Town. It lies on the Northern or Durham side of the Tees

4 **Castle**—The castle which has given its name to the town of Barnard Castle. The ruins of this great castle cover about seven acres of ground on a rocky height over the Tees. The Castle was built about 1180 A D by Barnard, son of Guy Baliol, a follower of William the Conqueror, and ancestor of John Baliol, King of Scotland who was born in the castle. Barnard Castle is the scene of part of Sir Walter Scott's poem of *Rocheby*

6. **between**—Barnard Castle and Rylstone Hall

7. **Hill-top, flood, and forest**—have same grammatical construction as *moor*.

9. "Where the ancient and secluded Hall of Rylstone presents an appearance of deep and unbroken repose to the surrounding country."

14 **for timely sleep**—in order to enjoy seasonable sleep.

20. **affronting the daylight** by the contrast of the beautiful brilliant colours of the peacock's tail with the light of day

32. **rings of light**—the 'dimples' or small widening circles, caused in the water by the insects, and illuminated by the Moon

37 **herb** here=grass [Der—Lat *herba*, grass.]

39 **his last words**—See Canto II, ll 125—251

40 **involved—of destiny**—“predicted the irretrievable ruin of all that was dearest to him, of all that was constantly present to his mind, and of all he could see around him at Rylstone Hall”

45 **forbidden** to other animals of the forest, because it was a pleasure-garden

49 **Shades—arcades**—“Shady walks formed by plants that have been trained to climb up wooden cross-bars, and meet overhead, forming a long arch-way”

**trellis**—(Lat *trilix*, genitive, *trilicis*=woven with three sets of leashes, *tres*=three, and *līcum*=thread, leash)=frame of cross-barred work used for bowers, verandas, summer-houses, and generally for affording shade

**arcade**—(Fr *arcade*, Lat *arcus*, a bow) a space covered by a continued roof or arch, and supported by pillars. Here however the arcade is supported by the trellis-work which forms the sides.

50 **cirque** [Der—Fr *cuque*, Lat *circus*, Gk *κύκλος*] here means a circular enclosure.

The cirque and crescent are formed by tall, green, leafy, closely-trimmed, shrubs

53 **terraces**—[*terrusse*, Lat *terra*, the earth] here=“platforms of earth thrown up to form level walks”

**in trim array**, in neat condition, well-kept.

54 **spiring high**—reaching high into the air like the *spine* of a lofty building.

58. “And although the Doe is here, yet she is as happy as others of her kind that . . .”

59. **human neighbourhood**—the dwellings of men.

62 **consecrated**—See note on Canto II, ll 247 & 255, pp. 68 & 69.

63. “coming out from the shade of a cedar tree”

65 **cypress-spire**—See line 54.

66 **April snow.** The point of the simile is that the Doe, lying under a cypress in this beautiful garden, was as strange and unexpected a sight as a patch of snow which has lingered in some shady nook from mid-winter to April.

73. **Nor more regard** than the shepherd.

76 **unperplexed**—adjectival to *Doe*—The Doe could not understand the altered mood of Emily, and was grieved to find its playful advances rejected by her.

77. **She**—The Doe.

84 **Kindly sympathies**—recollections that harmonised with her frame of mind

86 **woodbine**—honeysuckle, eglantine

88 **breathing flowers**—flowers that breathed a sweet perfume

90 **alcove**—the shed (line 85), or arbour in the pleasure-grounds [Der—Sp *alcoba*, from Ar *alcoba*, a vaulted apartment]

92 **Like odours.** “Odours like those that were there when her mother was teaching her, and as sweet as if they were the very same odours”

95 **mysteries** of religion too difficult for one so young to understand

96. **Image**—Wordsworth here introduces the element of the Supernatural, making her dead mother's spirit, or Image, appear to Emily.

97 **not faint**—distinctly seen.

104 See Canto I, line 41, and note on p. 55.

105 **Vision**—apparition.

107 The passage in inverted commas is Emily's entreaty in prayer to her departed mother

118 **in—Francis**—“Visit Francis and help him with thy bright presence”

116 **stay**—prop, support

117 **Christian**—The force of this epithet here is that the sin against which Emily wished her mother to caution Francis, was contrary to the teachings of Christ

122 **Perturbed**—ill at ease in her mind.

128 See Canto II, ll. 205 and 206.

132 This line is italicised because it is supposed to impress itself on Emily's mind as the sum and substance of her brother's injunctions

134-5. **AND—PURE**—These words are in small capitals in the text because they contain the point at which the poem aims, and constitute what Wordsworth calls “its legitimate catastrophe” Op Canto II, ll. 240—252.

138 **turf**—Greensward

139 **sedate respect**—grave and deferential manner.

142 “We have fallen upon an evil time, upon days of grief”

150. “Is laid the charge of remaining still and inactive”

153. Construction —“On you who are not forbidden, &c.”

156. **Craven's Wilds**—the barren heaths and moorland in the district of Craven in the West Riding of Yorkshire Bolton Priory lies in this district For *Craven* see note on p. 63

162 **Tweed**—the southern boundary of Scotland which was then an independent Kingdom, and in which English political refugees found shelter

167 **make report**—keep me informed of the fortunes of the rebels.

175 **he**—The Sire, or old man *Thought he is here parenthesis*.

178. **insurgent Powers**—rebel forces

179. **Barnard's Towers**—the towers of Barnard Castle.

180 The old man's thoughts have just been narrated in the Direct Form of Speech, and so the transition to the prayer which follows, also in the Direct Form, is almost imperceptible. The reason of the prayer is because

the old man knew of the advance of the Queen's Army against the insurgents, in whose safety he was interested.

181 **them**—the insurgent Powers

188. **Their captivity**—the captivity *not* of the insurgent Powers, but only of Richard Norton and his eight sons.

194 **faithless Towers**—Towers held by men who have forsaken the Catholic faith. *Faithless* is here an instance of *Transferred epithet*.

197 "Howard's promise to aid us has not been fulfilled"  
See Canto III, l. 208, and note on *Howard*, p 78

198 **Dacre**—See Canto III, l. 207, and note on *Dacre*, p. 77.

211 This metaphor means that Norton and his sons, and the few others who followed them were so small a handful before the 1000 soldiers of the garrison that they were as easily taken prisoners, once they were inside the courtyard of the Castle, as a wild animal in the toils or meshes of a net.

220 **Sacred**—See Canto II, ll 18—21, p 8

221 **camp**—the rebel camp outside the walls of the town.

222. **fears**—either of the disgrace of such a flight, or of meeting the Royal Army on the way

225. **levy**—literally *Rising* [Fr *lever*, Lat *levo* to raise] here the 'number raised.'

The capture of the Nortons, and the dismay and rout of the rebels, described at the end of this chapter, suited the catastrophe which Wordsworth desired in the construction of his poem. They are not, however, historically true. On the contrary, after a brave defence, for ten days by Sir George Bowes, Barnard Castle surrendered to the insurgent leaders on Dec 10th, 1589. See note on Sir George Bowes, Canto VI, l. 88, p 89. When the rebellion broke down Norton made good his escape into Scotland, and thence to the Continent. See LINGARD's *History of England* pp 54—59, 2nd Edition, London 1823

#### CANTO FIFTH.

2. **Fell**—[Der.—A. S *feld*, Germ *feld*, a cliff,] a hill.

6. **Norton Tower** still retains its name.

"Rylstone Fell still exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and the Clifffords. On a point of very high ground commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong great-work, about 4 feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable. But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are adjoining to it, several large mounds, of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers. The place is savagely wild and admirably adopted to the uses of a watch-tower"—DR WHITAKER, *History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Caien*, quoted by Wordsworth.

9 **gleam of pool**—Hendiadys for 'gleaming pool.'

13 **Pendle-hill**—in the N. E. of Lancashire, on the Yorkshire border is 1818 ft high.

**Pennygent** hill, in the N. W. of Yorkshire, close to the source of the river Wharfe, is 2250 ft. high.

"Norton Tower was not as high above the level of the Sea as these two hills, and yet there was generally more wind, frost and misty clouds upon it than upon them."

19. **lookers-on**—inversion for 'on lookers.'

23. **generous fare**—a goodly repast

**fare** (A. S. *farn*)=food prepared for the table.

26. **pale**—adjective to *child*.

28. The old Man had returned, and told her of the capture of her father and brothers

39. **Of gentle blood**—Well-born, well-descended. The English word *gentle* comes from the Latin *gentilis*=belonging to an old Roman *gens*. The first condition essential to a *gens* was that in looking back over its history, to the most remote period, none of its members should be found to have ever been in slavery or any other kind of subjection. The *gens* thus excluded plebeians in early Rome. The patricians alone, the highest class in the State, were *gentiles*, or of pure blood, and although some of its ancient meaning has been dimmed, yet this qualification has remained traditionally down to our own day in the English word *gentleman*, the French *gentilhomme* (=nobleman), the Italian *gentiluomo* (=nobleman, country squire, gentleman), and the Spanish *gentilhombre*—See ORTOLAN'S *Histoire de la Legislation Romaine*, Vol. I, pp. 26—7

40. "Who had been her father's friend for a very long time"

41. Each tried to surpass the other in the chase. There was opposition (*rivalry*) between them in the chase, but union (*fellowship*) on the battle field.

43. He went to Rylstone Hall with the news, but finding the Maid was not there, had gone in quest of her to Norton Tower.

46. **dire Tragedy**—dreadful disaster. The disaster alluded to, of which the poet represents the "greyhaired Man" as an eye-witness, was described at the end of the last Canto, where see note

50. **noble**—noble-minded

53. **the light of praise**=bright praise

54. **(such Heaven's will)**—(for) such (was) the will of God

55. **maintain**=adhere to, continue.

56. **in the might of**—acting under the powerful impulse of.

57. **seeing**=attached to *he* understood (from line 54) before *struggled*

59. This line refers to their (poetical) execution at York, where the Earl of Sussex then Commander-in-Chief in the North, had his headquarters.

60. **witnessed**=was present as an eye-witness. The *dash* at the end of this line marks an *Anacolouthon*.

61. "What (does it matter), Lady, that there feet were tied?"? There should be a note of Interrogation at the end of this line, but Wordsworth's punctuation is very lax

62-64. Paraphrase—"Perhaps they deserved blame for their impetuous zeal in defence of a losing cause. Such a fault, however, is the fault of good and brave men, and not of cowardly recreants. But the ~~conquering~~ party did not merely blame Norton and his sons, they surrounded them with chains and other indignities: and the prisoners were proud of these indignities because they endured them in behalf of what they regarded as a great religious and political cause."

Observe the second *Anacolouthon*, at the end of line 63

65 **wanted**—intransitive—“Nor was there wanting.”

67 “there were (some) who cried”

68 **A Prisoner once**—The poet here *insinuates* that Francis penetrated into Barnard Castle, to see his father and brothers, and was there detained in custody with them; but this is nowhere expressly mentioned

73. **suit**=entreaty.

76 **divide**—here intransitive and=“separate from them”

77 **he part** | **ed** from | **them** but at | **their side**

78 **now**, when they are in adversity. He was not a ‘fair-weather’ friend

79. **peace to**—a truce to, let us lay aside

84 **to bless** (you)

86 **a redeeming happiness**—a pleasure *which was a sort of set-off (redeeming)* against her present distress

90 **stronghold**—the prison of York

92 **that burned Within him**=“that filled him with the fire of enthusiasm”

94 This is a very weak, meaningless, unpoetical line, introduced chiefly, it would seem, out of a desire to find a word to rhyme with greeting and the use of the past progressive tense, instead of the past definite, is utterly out of harmony with the narrative style in this stanza, and indeed throughout the poem

95 **stop**=delay

96 **press**—come quickly.

99 “If this enterprise of ours *had been successful*”

Cp the proverb—“The more haste, the worse speed” where speed=“success”;

100 **had seen**=would have seen

102 “the beginning of undying youth”

103. **darksome**—not illuminated, neglected

105 **Salvation**—nom. in apposition to *Rood* (=Cross)

106 **had been**=would have been.

107 **stand for aye**—remain upraised for ever.

108. **had I**=I should have

Voice refers to sacred music, as of the chou, organ, &c.

110 **Truth**—the true (Catholic) worship is here supposed to be asleep  
*Eye*—reopened refers to its waking from this sleep

112 **her**—Bolton Priory, which forms the subject matter of the whole of this sentence.

114 **consecrated breast**—over the altar, which is always consecrated with great ceremony in Catholic places of worship.

115. **Temple**—Bolton Priory.

116. **high shew's** that the Banner was to be hung *over*, not *on*, the altar, although line 114 might seem to suggest the contrary

121. **One Being**—Norton himself, who is speaking.

122. **effort**—in apposition to *the last*.

181 The banner is to be laid low on St Mary's shrine, or altar, to witness, because it has suffered defeat. If it had been victorious Norton himself would have hung it high See line 116

**Shrine**—[Lat *scrinium*, box, chest for holding writing materials, Lat *scribo*—to write, Fr. *terin*, A. S. *scrin*, box,] literally means a box case, or receptacle for something sacred, as for the remains or relics of a saint. The word however has sometimes a wider application, and is used to denote an altar (as here), or a chapel. This particular shrine or altar was sacred to St Mary—the Blessed Virgin, and would be called “the Lady-Altar”

183. **Sanctities**—objects of holiness. (Lat *sanctitas*=holiness)

188 **brow**—head *Synecdoche*

189 **in all men's sight**—conspicuous

140 **this noble Brood**—these noble sons of mine

143 Observe the skilful use of the Aposiopesis, and how, although he is unwilling to mention his daughter Emily's name, it is still glanced at in the expression—*the name untouched*.

150. **the pledge obtained**—“the pledge (having been) obtained. Nominative Absolute

**word—given**—“the solemn word scarcely having been thus given” Nom. Absolute. *Word*=“promise”

152 **in state**=“with official pomp”

158 **each other's**—used freely for *one another's*

163. **with that Banner borne aloft**—bearing aloft that Banner.

166 **Sussex**. Thomas Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, the eldest son of Henry, the second Earl, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, was born about 1526. He went as ambassador to Charles V, to negotiate the marriage between Queen Mary and Philip of Spain. On his return he was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Chief Justice of the forests North of Trent, a Knight of the Garter, and Captain of the band of pensioners. In Elizabeth's reign he was appointed President and Commander-in-Chief of the North, and it is in this character he is introduced into the present poem. After this he became Lord Chamberlain. Died June 9, 1588.

173. **confirmed**—approved of.

174 **high—shed**—“The Father looked with rapturous delight”

177 **Together—death.** As there is a comma after *died*, and a note of exclamation after *death*, the words *a happy death* must be taken as in apposition to *(they) together died*; not as Cognate Appositive.

180. **athwart**=“through.”

181 **occupied In**=“full of.”

183 **Charge**—the object of his care, the banner

184 **Pose order**—“He told these things which had thus passed in the sight and hearing of him, who stood with Emily, on the Watch-tower height, in Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood.” He himself saw these things occur at York, and now related them to Emily

190 **aspire**—look to Heaven for comfort.

194 Supply *there* before *shines*, to introduce the nominative *star*.

**her—took**, took her way, went

## CANTO SIXTH.

1. **the doleful City**—York, because it was there that the Nortons had met with a *doleful* (sorrowful) end

3 **the Minster-bell**—It would be too painful to Francis to remain and witness the execution of his father and brothers, but as he was going out of the city he would hear the bell of York Minster tolling their funeral knell

**Minster**—a large monastic, collegiate, or cathedral church. Since the suppression of the monasteries in England the term *minster* is applied only to churches formerly connected with the most eminent of the monasteries [Der.—A S *mynstre*, Gk *monastērion*, Lat *monasterium*]

6 **To Ambrose that**!—“that (sullen stroke pronounced farewell) to Ambrose”

7. **the half-opened Flower**—the youth who is not yet fully developed into manhood

See Canto II, l. 147, p. 11

14 **westward**—Bolton Priory, where he was to place the banner on St Mary's shrine, lay nearly due West of York

16 “Without thinking at all of the matter that (*impels*) urges him on, and (*leads*) induces him to hurry to Bolton Priory”

18—21. Although the insurrection had been suppressed with very little bloodshed, yet the Earl of Sussex, and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The Earl of Sussex caused 63 constables to be hanged at once in Durham. Sir G. Bowes made it his boast that for 60 miles in length and 40 in breadth betwixt Newcastle-on-Tyne and Wetherby in Yorkshire there was hardly a town or village, in which he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This even exceeded the cruelties practised in the West of England after Monmouth's Rebellion in the reign of James II, when Judge Jeffreys won such unenviable notoriety.

19 **Cruelties**—“instances of cruelty.” An abstract word such as *cruelty* is rarely used in the plural, and then only to denote “different instances, or kinds”

24. **abandoned** past part pass attached to *him*, and not to *heart*  
**abandoned**—*awe*—“who was full of speechless amazement”

30 **betrayed**—by carrying an emblem of rebellion

33 **can**—*tend*—“can such a useless offering contribute”

43 **long** advb. to “*did maintain*,” not adjective to “*conflict*”

46. **by**—*burden*—by carrying ‘he banner

47-8 “arousing, in the mind of Francis, strong suspicions about his own honesty, influenced his brave heart to a chivalrous course of action, which proved fatal to him”

49 **sense**—intention

53 **palsied**—paralysed

60 **blest**—See Canto V, 147, p. 29

63 **like**—adjective to *prophecy*, and governing *spectre* in obj. case

64. **prophecy**—See Canto II, lines 186—251, pp. 12—13

68 “To the grim influence of that hour, which took away from him all chance of escape.”

71. **come weal or woe**—elliptical—“(whether) weal or woe (should) come (as the result)”

72 **Relic**—banner **shrine**—St Mary's shrine at Bolton Abbey.

75 **up—Wharf**—along the valley, towards the source of the river Wharf.

**attained a summit**—reached the top of a high hill

78. See note on Canto I, line 1

80 **Made halt**—halted, paused.

**noise** nom case to *arose*, or some such verb understood

82. **misgiving**—foreboding, anxious.

83 **Sir George Bowes** was born in 1527. He went to the Scottish war, and in 1549 was in command of 100 cavalry at Douglas. In 1558 he was made Marshal of Berwick, and 1560 was knighted at Berwick by the Duke of Norfolk. In 1568 he was employed to escort Mary, Queen of Scots from Carlisle to Bolton Castle. In 1569, on the outbreak of the rebellion of the Northern Earls, it was chiefly owing to the steadfastness of Bowes that the rebellion did not become more serious. He lived at Streatlam, in the centre of a disaffected neighbourhood, and was very unpopular for his loyalty to Elizabeth. Streatlam was not far from Brancepeth, the seat of the Earl of Westmoreland, who was the centre of the disaffected party. Bowes watched closely all that was passing, and sent information of it to the Earl of Sussex, Lord President of the North, who was stationed at York. Sussex for a long time did not think the Earls would rise. But their proceedings grew so threatening that on Nov. 12, Bowes left Streatlam and shut himself up in the stronghold of Barnard Castle, which belonged to the crown and of which he was steward. He was empowered to levy forces, and loyal subjects gathered round him. Two days later, on Nov. 14, the rebel Earls entered Durham, and advanced southwards to release Queen Mary from her prison at Tutbury. When they changed their plan, through disagreement, and retreated Northwards, they destroyed Bowes' house at Streatlam, and besieged him in Barnard Castle. Barnard Castle was ill supplied with provisions, and the hasty levies who formed its garrison were not adapted to endure hardships. Many of the garrison leapt from the wall and joined the Earls. Bowes held out bravely for ten days, but dreaded treachery within. He surrendered while honourable terms were possible, and was permitted to march out with 400 men. Then the rebel army under the two Earls triumphantly entered Barnard Castle, and were undisputed masters of the country North of York. Hartlepool was secured by them as a means of communicating by sea with the Continent; and the rebellion had now reached its highest extent.

Bowes joined the Earl of Sussex, at York, and was appointed Provost Marshal of the army. But by this time the royal army under Ambrose Dudley, (See p. 77,) Earl of Warwick, had marched Northwards, and the rebels discouraged by the indecision of their leaders retreated and gradually dispersed. The rebellion had been suppressed but Elizabeth had been thoroughly frightened, and ordered the ringleaders to be severely punished. The executions were carried out by Bowes, as Provost Marshal, but the lists of those to be executed were drawn out by the Earl of Sussex. Bowes had been the principal sufferer yet he does not appear to have shewn any personal vindictiveness. The Earl of Sussex warmly commended him to the Queen both for his losses and his eminent services. In 1571 he was elected M. P. for Knaresborough, and in 1572 for Morpeth. In 1572 he also received some grants of forfeited lands, which appear to have been of small value.

In 1576 he was made high Sheriff of the County Palatine, and in 1579, he again became Marshal of Berwick. He soon retired to Streatham where he died in 1580. The general testimony to his character is given in a contemporary letter to Brighley, to the effect that "He was the surest pillar the Queen's Majesty had in these (Northern) parts." See also last note on Canto IV, p 84

84 **cruel Sussex**—See note on Canto V, I 166, p 87

87 **bethought him**—remembered

89 **Charge**—See Canto V, line 183, p 30

90. **Standers-by** for 'bystanders'

91 **bold carriage**—spirited deportment

93 **enterprise**—nom in apposition to *bold carriage*, but the word contains special reference to the carrying off of the Banner.

95 **overcoming light**—conquering genius, *viz*, Francis Norton.

97 **What place soever**—Tmesis for 'whatsoever place'

102. **Ensign**—banner. [Lat *insigne*]

103. **He** is italicised in the text, to contrast Francis with the rest of his family  
arm=take up arms, and join the rebellion

104 **For why?**—“Why?” The insertion of *for* is archaic. This is an instance of what is called a Rhetorical Question because it is not asked for the purpose of obtaining information, but only as an ornament of Rhetoric. The soldiers who throng round Francis, readily supply the answer to their own question, *i.e.*—that it was in order to save his father's land that he did not take up arms

The rough soldiers misunderstand the gentle yet chivalrous nature of Francis, and insinuate that he stood aloof from the conflict only to save his father's property for himself, whereas the real reason was because he loved the new faith and the existing system of Government, and could not be induced to take up arms against it

For the combination *For why* Cp —

“The patient dies without a pill

*For why?* The doctor's at quadrille” — SWIFT

The Post-Elizabethan writers and possibly Shakespere himself may have used for in *for why*, as a conjunction, and not as a preposition. Cp

“And send the hearers weeping to their beds;

*Fo*, *why*, the senseless brands will sympathise” — RICH II, v 1, 40

“*For why*, the fools are mad if left alone.”

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, III, 1 99

“Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept, *for why*, she sweats”

COMEDY OF ERRORS, III, 2 105

In these three examples from Shakespeare, *for why*=because, and has no note of interrogation after it but in each case it is resolvable into *Wherefore?* *because* . . The provincialism *ichyfore*=*fo'e* (*i.e.*, *for*) *why*=*wherefore* still exists.

108. **freight**—burden Metaphor from a ship

109. **beware** most commonly occurs in the imperative mood, as here, and is not conjugated in the English of the present day. Besides the imperative it is only used in the infinitive, *e.g.*, He may, (might, should, &c.) *beware*. Formerly *beware* was separated into *be* and *ware*, the second part

being used adjectively=*wary*—*e.g.*, “Be ye *ware* of the sonr dough of the Pharisees and Sadducees (WICKLIFFE). Moreover *beware* was formerly conjugated. *Op.*

“Looks after honours and *bewares* to act”—BEN JONSON.

“Once *warned* is well *bewarned*.”—DRYDEN.

[Der.—*be*=present imperative of *am*, and *was*=*wary*, the *y* being a rather late addition in *wary*, just as in the word *marry*=M. E. *marke*=A S *marc*=dark.]

111 **spirit**—indirect object of *do*.

**wrong**—noun, direct object of *do*.

“Work no mischief to a mind already in distress.”

114. **a brake of thorn**—a thicket consisting of thorn-trees.

115 **showed**—intrans =appeared.

117 **brow**—men, aspect

124 **guardian lance**—spear that protected him.

126. **clenched**—held with steadfast grip.

128. **grief**—grievous thing *Tell*—intrans =to be told

129. **sense**—*left*—Nom. absolute.

132. **life-blood** of Francis

134 **the wounds**—“The five dear wounds our Lord did bear” (See p. 8, l. 21,) which Emily had “wrought. . . . In *vermeil* colours and in gold.” (See p. 8, ll. 10 and 12)

Construction—“The wounds (which) the broidered Banner showed (=displayed.)

The idea is that the wounds of Christ which were figured on the Banner by Emily in vermilion colours, were made redder still when they were dyed by the life-blood of Francis, as it oozed from the wound inflicted by the soldier’s spear.

**Erratum.**—The numbers 140 and 145 are prefixed to the wrong lines in the text

139 **slept**—euphemism for “lay dead.”

143 “One of the farmers who held land under the Norton family” The ending-*ry* of *Tenant-ry*=Latin *ariūm*, denotes a collection as in peasant-*ry*, *chaval-ry*, &c. *Tenant* literally *holder* (Lat. *teneo*=I hold)

144. **Corse**=poetical form of *corpse*, a dead body (Lat. *corpus*=body)

145. **shrank**—turned away with horror.

146. **homesteads** here=“farm houses”

155. **yield assent**—“give them permission.”

156. **intent**=intention.

161. **Apart from the other graves.**

164. **in pure respect**—“simply out of the consideration.”

165 **gentle blood.** See note on Canto V, 39, p 85.

166-7 “that none of his relations, near whom they could inter him, were buried in the Church-yard”

181. **dirge** a funeral chant. Derived from the Latin word *Dirige*—the first word of the antiphon in the First Nocturn at Matins in the Office for the Dead, in the Catholic Church. *Dirige*=direct thou, and is the 2nd per. sing. pres. imperat. active of the Lat. verb *dirigo*=I direct.

43-4. Cp. "Aequum memento rebus in arduis,  
    Servare mentem." HORACE, *Odes*, II, 3.

= "Fail not in rough surroundings to shew a mind serene."

46-8. She had gained a complete mastery over her feelings and painful recollections, but had settled down into a fixed and holy sadness

49. **awfulness**—reverence.

51. **by no native right**—by no original or congenital, but only by an accidental right

53. Observe the force of the poetic repetition and amplification of the previous line. The line implies that gentleness was a native right of hers.

56. **sovereign mien**—queenly appearance.

57. **cincture**—girdle for tying round the waist (Lat. *cingo*, Igard, surround)

58. **hood**, a covering for the head of women (A S. *hod*, Germ. *hut*=hat) **mountain-wool**—the wool of sheep that feed on mountainous pastures. *Vest* and *hood* are in apposition to *dress*, and descriptive of it

59-60. **fashioned**—wrought, spun, or made as a sign of (*to express*) the humble and forsaken condition of the wandering (*Pilgrim*) Emily.

61. **long and far**—for a long time, and for a great distance

62. **sun and star**—by day and by night

64-66. **like a withered leaf**—as a sere leaf is driven forward by the wind, or as a ship is allowed to drift onwards to remote and unknown shores

68. **Craven.** See notes on *Craven* pp. 63 and 83

70. She has tried her courage to see whether it was strong enough to allow of her visiting, in her misery, her father's home, where she had once been so happy.

73. **Stand fast**, as opposed to 'succumb,' 'yield,' or 'break down.'

**awfully impenetrable**—so far from yielding to suffering and misfortune that she inspired reverence mingled with wonder.

79. **mouldered**—decayed.

84-87. Cp. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
    And waste its sweetness on the desert air"

GRAY.

This stanza (79-88) is well conceived, and the picture of the loneliness of Emily, under a tree emblematical of her fortunes is skilfully drawn in a few happy strokes, when suddenly there bursts upon her astonished view her old friend the Doe to form a bond between the happiness of the past and the misery of the present, and to reconcile her to life.

The Doe has been lost sight of since Canto II, ll. 220-230, p. 18, where Francis speaks of her to his sister. Wordsworth, meanwhile, has been telling us the story of the Fate of the Nortons, which he found in the ballad entitled "The Rising of the North," and now goes on to interweave it with the local tradition about the White Doe.

107. **fond unclouded memory**=loving and distinct recollection

110. "Prose order —" "The Lady viewed the pleading look"

111. "Overcome by the ~~abundance~~ of the thoughts that arose suddenly in her mind"

118. **aspace**—rapidly.

115 Here Wordsworth begins to portray the mystical union that henceforth existed between Emily and the Doe

116 **Heaven's chosen care**—whose happy lot it is to be protected by Heaven

117 **This**—the flood of tears (113)

**greeting**—expression of good will

118 **it**—the meeting *prove*—turn out, *fruitful*—productive of good.

120 **forego**—do without, be separated from

121 **playful peer**—merry companion

122 **sainted**—rendered holy (by sorrow)

124 **Chronicler**, recorder, object that reminds her [Gk *chronos*=time]

126-7 “Will Emily not trust in the genuineness of the kindly feelings expressed by the looks of the Doe, and reciprocate them?”

128. **a gift of grace**—a gift from Heaven.

131 **teem with high communion**=abound with deep sympathy.

138 **paternal ground**—her father's estates.

140 **whose** refers to habitation

**board**—table on which food is served

146 **she shrunk**—Emily fell back, stricken by sudden grief at the sight

149 **Emily will not shun** the Doe

151 **trouble-haunted** since the reappearance of the Doe, and the sudden and vivid revival of the memory of old times in consequence

154 “Without being enticed, and at the same time without being forbidden, to follow”

157. **In the deep fork of Amerdale.** “At the extremity of the parish of Burnsall, the valley of Wharfedale (mentioned on p 41, l. 813,) to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, AMERDALE. DERNBROOK [mentioned here in line 161] is a stream which runs along an obscure valley from the N.-W. of the same parish” WORDSWORTH's note.

161. **Lurking**—hidden. The name *Dernbrook* is from an old Teutonic word signifying concealment

**amity**—friendship between herself and the Doe.

164 **She**—Emily.

165 All the misfortunes of her family—when, where, how, and what had happened in each case, came back to her as she gazed into the eyes of the Doe.

169 **discerns**—discriminates, judges

171 **conceiving** participle to *who* (l. 168) referring to the Doe.

**her**—refers to Emily, as in l. 167.

Prose order—“conceiving (i.e., understanding) her (i.e., Emily's) desire from (her) looks, deportment, &c.”

172 **look**—cast of countenance *Deportment*—conduct viewed in its relation to others, behaviour *Mien*—external appearance, aspect, manner

We talk of an agreeable or offensive *air*; a pleasing or awkward *address*, a cheerful or sorrowful *mien* or *aspect*; a mild or harsh *demeanour*, a haughty or servile *carriage*, an innocent or guilty *look*, a beautiful or unpleasant *appearance*, rude or graceful *manner*.

174. **wreathed her arms**—twined her arms around each other  
 178. **their accord**—the agreement between them

180 This sentence has an appearance of incompleteness and incoherency, which would be removed by reading *wandering* for *wandered* in line 183

**gentle rousing**—a pleasant excitement  
 184. **How pleased** (was Emily)  
**straggler**—the wandering Doe  
 186. **in thick bower**—in a deep shadowy recess  
 188. **Fair Vision! when**—It was a fair vision, when. . . .  
**crossed**—passed by

189 **laid**—reclined, participial to *maid*  
 190 **gliding**, participial to *it* (line 188)

194 **That Presence**—the presence of Emily and the Doe, as they wandered together made the morning gladder, and the moonlight fairer

196. \*The picture in this line is drawn from the ancient poetical conception of Arcadia, which is peopled with merry shepherds, bearing such names as Tityrus, Daphnis, Corydon, and Damoetas, playing on their pipes or flutes, sometimes to cheer themselves, sometimes to prove their rival merit. Poetry dealing exclusively with this subject is called *Pastoral*. Theocritus, a Greek of Sicily, who was at the Court of Ptolemy King of Egypt, is the father of this style of poetry. Vergil's *Eclogues* are the best Latin models of the same class. SPENSER's *Colin Clout*, and MILTON's *Lycidas* are examples in English.

199. **endued**—invested, clothed [Lat. *induo*=to clothe]  
 203. **fanging**—wandering  
 204. **old loves**—persons or objects formerly loved

208. **unenlightened**—very unusual for *unlighted*, or *unillumined*, which must be its meaning here, to suit the word *sunless* in the same line, and *brightened* in the following line. The word usually means *ignorant*

211. **bells**—peal of bells  
**Sabbath music**—Sunday chimes.

**God us ayde!**—“God help us” *ayde* is archaic for “aid.” “On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the Tower, is this cypher J. N. for John Norton, and the motto, “**God us ayde**.”

213. That (sound) *e*, the sound of ‘God us ayde’) was the sound (which) they seemed to speak.

214. **Inscriptive legend**—a legend (motto) inscribed on one of the *bells*. The words are in opposition to, and refer to “*God us ayde*” (112.)

217. **That legend** has same meaning and construction as *inscriptive legend*, in line 214.

**Grandsire.** Emily's father Richard Norton was the son of the John Norton who set up the bells

218 **read the same**—read the legend on the bell. *not*, read in books that the same legend existed on the bell. That would be expressed “read of the same”

219. **slighted**—paid no attention to

221. **lonely name**—“her Grandſire’s name” (l 216)—John Norton

224 **with vocal music**—adverbial phrase to *say* (l 222) *Vocal*, resembling the human voice

*God us aydt* objective case governed by *say* (l 222)

226. **effectual**—producing the desired effect

228 **Norton Tower.** See Canto V, line 6, note, p 84

292 **One**—the Doe

233 **prophecy.** See Canto II. 191—251, pp. 12 and 13

234 **her part.** Her “destined place” (Canto II, 248) or *part* was to become

“A soul, by force of sorrows high,  
Uphifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity”

235 **here**, in this and next line=“in the following particular”

**have failed**—have not been completely true

287 **him**—her brother, Francis

240. **his words.** See Canto II, 220—230 His words, according to the poem, were perfectly true, for the Doe did go back to the woods, but were untrue (“here her Brother’s words have failed”) inasmuch as the Doe returned to her domesticated condition on accidentally seeing Emily again,

**loves**—Understand *her*.

242. **him**—Francis

244. Observe the alliteration, and the adaptation of the sound to the sense in the gentle movement of this line

247 **tender Hearts** is the Vocative case, addressed in general to all readers of this poem, who have hearts that can feel, and sympathise with Emily and the Doe, “her last and living friend.”

248. **savage spot**—Norton Tower. Open note on Canto V, line 6, p 84 where it is described as “*savagely wild*” [savage, Lat. *salvaticus*, of the woodland, wild; *silva*, a wood.]

251 **Here** is repeated for emphasis. There should be a comma after the second *here*, as “before her sight” is an adverbial phrase of *Place to hath*.

252 The summit was occupied by the Tower

253 **The grassy rock-encircled Pound** is thus described by DR. WHITAKER —

“On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall, stretching from the S W to the N E, corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W., where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, palings being the only fence that could stand on such ground. Such pounds for deer, sheep, &c., were not uncommon. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was

constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests, and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals will easily conceive that if the leader was once tempted to descend into a snare, a herd would follow."—WORDSWORTH's note.

From the above it will be seen that a *pound* is an enclosed place set apart by authority for the confinement of beasts.

[Der.—M E *pond*, A S *pund*—an enclosure, A S *pyndan* to pen up.]

255 "So beautiful (was) the timid Thrall, (that) her youngest brother brought it home"

**Thrall**, slave, here applied to the Doe

256 **Youngling**=young animal

258. **lusty**, robust, vigorous

261 **most**=chiefly, and is advb to *lored*

**File**—See note, Canto I, l 18

262 **favouring nights**—nights that favoured the journey; beautiful moonlight nights

263 **ranged**—“(And) there (she) ranged (=roamed)

**cloister** was the name given to a covered walk around the *court*. One side of the cloister would be formed by the outer walls of the monastery, the other side, which was next the *court*, being supported by pillars and arches. In bad weather the religious walked about in the shelter of the cloister [Lat *claustrum*, enclosure, *claudo*, to shut, O F *cloistre*, Fr. *cloître*]

**court**, an open quadrangle in the interior of the general block of buildings forming a monastery or convent. In fine weather the religious walked in the court [Fr. *cour*; Lat. cohort-, stem of *cohors*, Gk. *chortas*, an enclosed portion of ground]

**aisle**—[Fr *aile*, Lat *ala*=a wing]=a side passage in a church, partially separated from the nave or body of the church, by columns.

265 **still**, quiet, peaceful,

266. **St. Mary's shrine**—Cp Canto V, line 181, note, p. 87.

267 **turf**=greensward

269 **For that** (purpose), *vis*, to look upon St. Mary's shrine, and the grave of Francis.

**there**—beside her brother's grave

273 **greet**—shew kindness to.

275 **pity**=sympathetic grief for her

276 **How happy** (was it) in its turn

277 **glance** objective case governed by *meet*.

278. **beamed** participial to *glance*.

279 **communication** is in apposition to *glance*.

282. In this stanza from the present, line down to line 303, the poet reverts to his opening theme, expressed in the last stanza of the first Canto, namely that he was going to sing "a tale of tears, a mortal story."

**mortal song**—a song of mortal (i.e. human or earthly) suffering.  
**we**—This is the *we* of authors, sometimes called *Editorial We*, put for *I*

“ I sing a song of human suffering, and I was encouraged to do so by feeling the gift of poetic inspiration shed upon me by the spirit of Poesy when I first stood outside Bolton’s ruined Pile ”

285. See Canto I, ll. 380—383, p 8

287 **conscious strings**—the harp-strings which *knew* that they were being played upon by the hand of a spirit, *i.e.* by the *inspired* hand of the poet. The poet represents himself as playing on a harp, when he is composing the poem.

288-9 See Canto I, ll 328—9, p 8

288 **Erewhile**—The force of this word is to imply that a long digression has been made in relating the story of the Rebellion and of the Norton family, in order to account for the custom of “ The White Doe ” in coming at the sound of the bells every Sabbath day to Bolton Churchyard, as described in Canto I. But the word does not imply that the poet had left the Churchyard, and has now returned to it. He is supposed to relate the whole story in the presence of “ the ruined Pile ”

289 **Pile**—Bolton Priory

290 **unsubstantial dreams**—visionary guesses to account for the Doe coming regularly to the Abbey every Sunday during Divine Service  
 See Canto I, ll 325—where *vague thoughts*=*unsubstantial dreams*

291. **this Presence**—the presence of the *ruins* of Bolton Abbey.

**Kindred themes**—subjects allied in thought, because they dealt with the *ruin* of a family.

294. **to live again on earth** in the person of Emily, when her Spirit had been purified by suffering

296-9. “ Deep as was the fall of Emily’s earthly pleasures, yet the gradual ascent of her spirit in heavenly consolations (*sanctity*) had reached a very high point. Her spirit grew more and more beautiful, and became every day more elevated in saintliness.”

300. **such** (was the way which) *this blessed Pilgrim* trod.

**lifted**, participle to Pilgrim. *Pilgrim* literally=traveller (as here,) but is generally applied to one who travels for religious reasons to sacred places. [Der.—Fr. *pèlerin*, Lat. *peregrinus*—one who travels abroad, Lat. adverb *peregrin*=abroad, Lat. *per*=through, and *ager* field, district, country ]

302-3. Repeated from Canto II, ll 250—1, p 18, where see note. *mortality*=*humanity*.

305. **bend a dear look**—look down with tenderness upon.

**Friend**—the Doe.

306. **There stopped.** Emily did nothing more after this

307. **innocent spring**—the Doe. The metaphor began in the word *thirst* is kept up by *spring*. The Doe is likened to a fountain of water at which Emily drinks till she quenches her thirst.

308. **her sanction**—the injunction laid upon her by her brother. See Canto II, ll 248—252, p. 18. [Lat. *noin sanctio*, from Lat. verb *sancio*=to enact (a law, &c.)] *inwardly*=in her heart.

310. **the world**—human society

312. **at need**—whenever help was required.

313. **Wharfdale.** See note on line 157, p. 95.

**prayers** at Bolton Priory, on Sundays.

316. **exalted**—noble minded.

317. This line is in apposition to **Emily** in the preceding line, and forms part of the Apostrophe

321. **glorious sunset**!—edifying death (of Emily).

The opening of this stanza is very metaphorical and might be freely paraphrased thus—“Emily is now dead and gone, and she died a most edifying death. But the recollection of her sad story and of the misfortunes of her family still exists, (although the *day* of their existence has already reached its *twilight*, and will fade away altogether with the Doe) because the Doe, which is the last connecting link, (the sole *surviving ray* of the sunshine of the Norton family) still crosses every Sunday from Rylstone Church where Emily, her young mistress, was buried, over the fells of Bolton to Bolton Priory, to the grave of Francis, and whenever she appears she reminds the country folk of the Fate of the Nortons”

322. **this day** refers metaphorically to the History of Richard Norton and his family, of which day Emily's death is, as it were, the *sunset*, and the Doe the single *ray* that *survived* in the *twilight*

325. **a holy place**—because she was the friend of a maiden in distress

326. “Shares in the kind favours of Heaven, in so far as a mere animal can”

328. **Kind**—her own kind, or species, of animals.

329. “Resorting with downcast mind to the places which Emily loved”

332. **Enclosure** objective case in apposition to *what* (l. 331). *This Churchyard* is the Churchyard of Bolton Priory, in which Wordsworth represents himself as standing, and where Francis lay buried; *not* the Churchyard of Rylstone Church where Emily was buried with her mother

333. **gliding ghost**—alliteration

385. **the bells** either of Bolton Priory, (See Canto 4, line 2, note) whether the Doe proceeded; or of Rylstone Church (line 211, p. 39), whence the Doe started, or of both, as the Sunday service would be held about the same hour in both places

336. **moorland**—See Canto I, line 9, p. 52.

**dells**—hollow places A dell is a little dale or valley, a dingle.

387. **yon**—The poet, as it were, points to the arch For the *arch*, and the *gateway* which it spanned, see Canto I, ll. 52-54, p. 2.

339. **mournful waste of**=sad picture of ruin caused by . . .

340. **prostrate**—level with the ground

**shrine**—See Canto V, line 181, p. 87

341. **show**—display

342. **fretwork imagery**—designs traced in a sort of work, fretted or raised out above the surface of the wall window, &c., on which it is wrought.

**laid low**—fallen, participial to *imagery*.

344. **By**=near

**Cell**—See Canto I, line 93, p. 56

**vault**—Der.—M. E. *voute*, Fr. *voute* (also *voult*, with inserted l) O. F. *voult*, a vault, whence the later form *voute*, and in Modern French *voute*. O. F. *volt*, bent, vaulted. Lat. *volutus* shortened for *volutus* past participle passive of *volvo*, roll, turn round. Thus *vault* meant a *bowed* roof, hence a chamber with a bowed roof, or a cellar which has an arched roof

345. **monumental brass**—brass bearing an inscription

347. **sculptured** (on the tombs in the Abbey, or graveyard)

348. **grave**, in which Francis was buried, whither the Doe was accustomed to accompany Emily

349. **sequestered**—retired, apart from the other graves See Canto VI, ll. 160—170, p. 34

350. **visitant**—the Doe.

352. “With those adversities unmoved (from her),” i.e. still suffering in mind from such adversities as the loss of her Mistress, and the loss of her former kind treatment at Rylstone Hall Cp Canto II, ll. 228-9, p. 13 This also agrees with her bearing

“*a memory and a mind*  
Raised far *above* the law of kind,”

and her

“*Haunting* the spots, with *lonely cheer*,  
Which her dear Mistress once held dear,”

and with the description of her wonderful instinct, “like human reason,” given in the present Canto, ll. 168—180, pp. 38 and 39

353. **Calm spectacle.** Nom in apposition to *Creature* (l. 351.)

“The Doe presents a composed appearance, and has won the gracious approval of men and angels for her human-like sympathy with the sorrows of Emily”

355. **aye**—always.

**this hoary Pile**—The poet imagines himself again in the presence of *Bethel* & *Fiori*.

356. **subdied**—delapidated

**outrage**, violence from the hands of men at the time of the Reformation.

**decay**, from ravages of Time and want of care.

357. **her**—the Doe.

359. **a child of Time**, a mere animal, whose whole existence is passed on the earth, and is destitute of *ught* that is spiritual, or eternal.

**of Time**=*temporal*, is contrasted with *eternal* in the last line

360. “**a child of God**, the everlasting Prime, or First Cause.” These last two lines form what Wordsworth (see Introduction) calls the “*Apotheosis*” of *The White Doe*.

# NOTES ON THE DEDICATION.

*See p. 49.*

## STANZA I.

**Mary**—Mary Wordsworth (*née* Hutchinson), the poet's wife.

**Spenser's lay**—“The Faerie Queene”

**Una** in the allegory of “The Faerie Queene” is “a lovely ladie,” but is meant to be a type of the true Church, for which reason she is here said to be of celestial birth

In the poem it is said that she

“by descent from royll lineage came  
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,”

**her Knight**—the Red Cross Knight, “St. George of Mervie Eng-  
land.” He is the emblem of the Militant Christian, whom Una, the true  
Church, loves

## STANZA II.

**in a line**—archaic for “by a string” In the original the line  
stands.—

“And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad,”

where *by*=beside, and *lad*=led

**Slain** by Sansloy (=The Lawless), a proud Paynim Knight See  
Faerie Queen, Bk I, Canto III, Stanza XLII

## STANZA III.

**rustic cell**—modest country residence

Wordsworth, at the time in question (1812), resided at Grasmere

“**a lamentable change**”—This and the next two lines refer to  
the domestic loss suffered by Wordsworth in the death of two of his  
children in the same year —

Catherine, born Sep 6, 1808, died June 4th, 1812, and  
Thomas, born June 16th, 1806, died Dec 1st, 1812.

The extract from **LOD BACON** is taken from his Sixteenth Essay,  
entitled “**Of ATHEISME**” The first line of this extract contains a misprint  
—*Mans for Man is.*—

**FINIS.**

# APPENDIX

## ON

### THE METRES

## OF

### THE WHITE DOE OF RYLTONE.

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This poem is *mainly* written in riming Iambic Octosyllabics, otherwise called Iambic Tetrameter. The metre is extremely common, for most of the old Romances are written in it. In modern times it has been used in Butler's *Hudibras*, and Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. All the Romantic Poems of Scott, have been written in the same metre, and with the exception of *Lara* and *The Corsair*, the same is true of Byron's Romantic Poems.

I have said that the metre is *mainly* Iambic Tetrametre, because, a considerable variety of metres is introduced, always for the sake of attaining some poetic effect.

The essential feature of the metre throughout the poem is that in each verse, with the exception of about three, or four verses, there are always four long, or accented, syllables.

Trochaic lines not unfrequently supply the place of the regular Iambic, as in Canto I, ll 14, 79—94, &c;

In the Iambic system, an Iambic foot is sometimes naturally lengthened into an anapest by prefixing an initial short, or unaccented syllable e.g.

“And through | the chink | in the fract | ured hoor”

Sometimes a whole verse consists of anapests, e.g.

“And the towers | of Saint Cuth | bert were stirr'd | by the shout.”

In the Trochaic system, a trochee is often lengthened into a dactyl by the addition of a short, or unaccented syllable, e.g.

“Prying | into the | daiksome | rent.”

Such a line as this may be described as trochaic tetrameter catalectic, or trochaic trimeter hypermetrical.

Lines 208 and 205, Canto IV, pp 25 and 26, afford an example of Double Rime, as also lines 1 and 5 of Canto VI, p 31. Line 1, Canto VI, is an example of an Iambic Pentameter verse, with the last iambus expanded into an amphibrach (— — —).

Canto VI, l 185, p 33 gives an example of a perfect Alexandrine line

“Thy fat- | al work, | O Maid- | en in- | nocent | as good.”

In Canto VII, ll 316—317, p 41, we have an example of Triple Rime

The shortest verse in the whole piece is line 58, Canto I, p 2,—an Iambic trimeter; and the longest is the Alexandrine line just mentioned.

The length of the Stanzas and Cantos is quite irregular